

NO. 4

mean magazine



DAVE CRANAGE

ESSAYS

NEIL LANDSTRUM

WORK HOW TO'S

DANNY THE WIDGERT

RECORD REVIEWS

ROBIN LONG

Scene and be heard

Here's the latest of the shit talking, rumor spreading section. Actually, as far as I'm concerned, most of the following is just shit that I've heard, and thought that it may be nice to pass the info down to you. So without any further ado...

I guess, I'll start out with promotional goings-on. The Vibonauts have been doing a lot of things lately. They've been busy with Kinetic every Wednesday night at the Polonaise club, 3196 North Milwaukee Avenue, or the corner of Milwaukee and Belmont. The club is cool, if you have Wednesdays free, with a lot of good local talent, as well as outside talent. All in all, a nice thing to do during the week, we've been told. Aside from that, they've been throwing full scale parties all summer as well. Aqua Boogie, Gentile, and by the time this is out, VooDoo also. Compared to the rest of the Chicago Promoters, Vibonauts seem to be doing the most these days. It's beginning to make me wonder, are some of these guys in it for the long haul? Only time will tell.

Another promoter...Core Innovations. Wade and the boys have been doing the Juice "club" every other Friday. It had been taking place at the Gotham Night Club, but due to some unfortunate business making decisions on the owner of the club, "Juice" had to relocate. "Juice" will now be held at the "Cupid" space at the corner of Chicago and Oakley. Now even though Core hasn't been throwing many large scale events lately, "Juice" is a really good time, for a Friday night. They've brought in some big names, as well as the ones you hear all the time, right here from Chicago. Terry Mullan is a resident Deejay, for the most part, and he is also partly promoting "Juice", with his Catalyst Recording. Watch for "Juice," every other Fridays. Good line up at a cheap price, what else do you need?

Tony of Sense Productions let us in on some of his plans for the rest of the year. He told us that he will indeed be throwing one more party which will take place in the Fall. The party will be old school music, in an old school space, at an old school price. He's working on all permits as of now, to insure the party to be bust free as well. This will be one of the last, if not the last Sense party. Tony said that Sense will be in the past, only to allow him to bring out something even crazier for the future. We'll be looking forward to that.

Finally the last of the promotional updates, we have ATP. Those guys don't really clue us in too much, but Evan does try his best. I guess, as rumor has it, they plan on spacing their parties out more, meaning possibly less ATP events in the future. If you wanna know the scoop on future events of ATP for the present, you can call their voice mail, I guess.

That's all we have on larger promoter news for the Chicago area. But I would like to make a quick statement on the subject of up and coming, smaller scale event promoters. I guess, basically, all I need to say is, you new guys, most of you at least, are doing a hell of a job keeping this scene in check. We need to keep prices fair, and continue to give our locals a chance to shine. We have plenty of them to choose from, with many varieties of music as well. Don't feel obligated to bring out talent from foreign lands, with live performances. Leave that to the Big Dogs. Let them deal with the headaches. A small party isn't a bad party. Don't worry about big lights, sound, space, and talent. Chicago has a lot of fine talent right here. You can do something inexpensive that people will remember, and have fun at. A party does not have to be an event. As the saying goes.....Do it for the

By Brenda bEAN

scene, not for the green.

Okay...all you junglists out there, it's time to check yo' self and hook up the shit! I know some of you folks out there swear that you hate jungle. But have you even listened to some of it now? There are a lot of just plain dope ass tracks out there. Respect the Deejays in the place, listen to what they got. Chicago has some of the best junglists around, and RESPECT IS DUE!!! Don't ignore jungle, because Joe Blow over there says it sucks, make your own mind up, and quit being a bunch of punk asses. Jungle is the shit, and don't you forget it, foozit.

Alright. Now on to the part, where we must focus on some recent shit that went down. As most of you should know, we had Traxx waxed in the last issue. NOT REALLY, but some asshole told Mel that the article said he was dead, and since he never even read it, he thought this fool was telling the truth. Now, I don't know who this illiterate piece of shit is, nor do I care. I'm just pointing out that something as harmless as teasing Mel a little, caused a bunch of shit, that was just plain ignorant. Oh well. We haven't been sued yet, so the shit talking will continue... sorry for any misunderstandings Mel.

I guess in closing here, I can admit to another error that we painted a little while back. This also has to do with Traxx. We did an interview with him, and in that interview, he said that someone had died, who was very inspirational to him...he said it was Lil' Louis in the interview, while being very stoned. We found out later that he was not talking of Lil' Louis, but Ron Hardy instead. Lil' Louis is alive and well, and as we heard from a friend, he's living in New York. Sorry to Mel and to Louis, miscommunicating really blows.

That's it for now. We're not perfect, but damn are we close. Until next time...

Famous last words...

"I'm dying. I'm dead." - The freak next tent down from Planet bEAN, "I bought some E from Kentucky, but it wasn't E."

"If you guys do an interview with me, should I dress up like a giant Hot Dog?" - Dan Efex, a nearby Planet bEAN neighbor, referring to pork and bEANS.

"You cars are parked, in an asinine manner..." - Woody McBride for several hours of our first moring at Futhur from the Drop Bass tent.

"Field twenty-six here, trying to contact bEAN units one and two..." - Chris 26 on our answering machine, sounding as if he were on a mission coming from some sort of deep dark asshole.

"I'll smack the dust off that pussy!" - One of Ricky's favorite lines from "Friday."

"bEAN, we don't start fights, we finish 'em." - Our new motto.

"Ugh...come on, don't you people know who I am?" - Martin in the car, getting pissed off at some dorks driving obnoxiously slow ahead of us.

"Who-ho! That's the shit." - This seems to be Brenda's phrase of the month.

"My nuts feel like they're gonna explode!" - Chris on his hernia.

"Tweet. Tweet." - Phantom 45's new mating call.

"What the hell does he mean by this?" - Juba on response about not being sure what to think of the Kung Fu Korner.

"They came back for that ass once, they'll be back." - Ricky on some chicks who followed us after he mooned them.

"The girls love my feet. I've got nice feet. No tiger toes over here." - Juba on his wonderful bare feet.

"Talk to ya" - Chris 26 in the mix for the 96

Inside this crappy ass issue:

Interviews with:

Justin Long, hometown hero
Danny the Wildchild, scratch that Jungle itch
Dave Clarke, rougher than ever
Neil Landstrumm, modestly kicking ass

Party Reviews:

6 Pages of nothing but Furthur
Twisted, Thunderground, Aquaboogie, etc...

The Regular shit:

New wax reviews
New tape and CD reviews

bEAN Exclusives:

"How to" articles
the Kung Fu Korner

The bEAN Posse

MegabEANS: Brenda & Martin
(Owners, operators, final layouts)

Megabitches: Craft, the Kd & Juba
(Some articles, and first draft layouts)

Athletic Supporters:

Chris the Deerstubber, Brian Gardener,
Chris 26, Hillary, Frankie Vega, Rayven,
Ritchie, Ben (Dr. Groo), Brian (Phantom 45),
Matt and the beer town crew, Corey Love,
Audra the pimp, Steph, the Teamsters, Disco
Dave at work the software hook-up.

Special thanks to:

Neil Landstrumm and Dave Clarke for
your time. Danny and Justin as well. All
promoters who've helped us along the way
rather than overlooked us. Level, Abstract,
thanks for your help.wish there were more
people in Chicago like yourselves. And most
importantly, thank to all music makers,
players, and all dancers. Keep the support, we
need everyone to get their butts involved in
order to keep our scene fucking live!!! As the
almighty 26 would say, "Talk to ya!"

Planning a smaller event?

Need some sound?

Get one block of sound
from someone within
the scene...

Call Danny the Wildchild
(312) 523-1066



AW SHUCKS... THEY MADE UP!

Contact the *bEANS*

P.O. Box 757

Zion, IL 60099

E-mail: megabeans1@aol.com

fax: (847) 731-1508



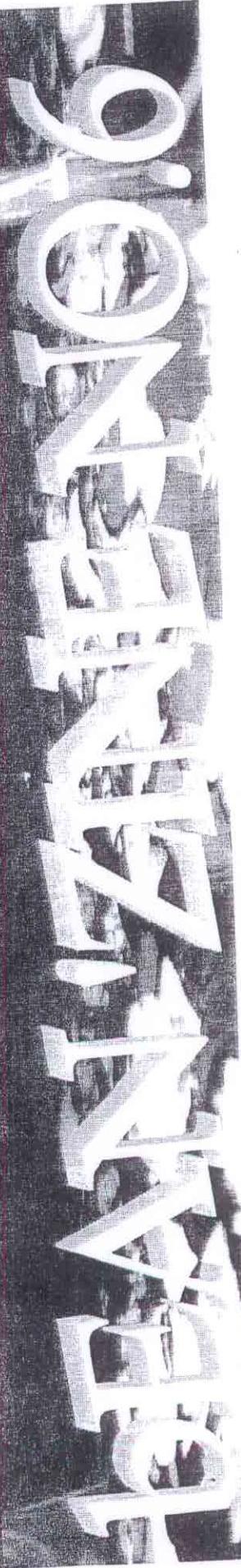
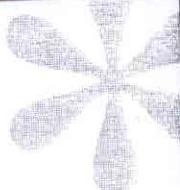
Contact the *bEANS*

P.O. Box 757

Zion, IL 60099

E-mail: megabeans1@aol.com

fax: (847) 731-1508



bEAN.

I discovered the much needed alternative to K-words when I rolled into Abstract with my canned food donation for Boom. Your megazine is phat. From Champaign, which lacks any sort of scene, I had previously done my vinyl shopping at Gramaphone, mail order, or in Champaign. This last weekend after thumbing through bEAN, I went back to Abstract. Caesar had his shit together. He had no ego and even let me up to his booth to help me with a few questions I had with my 1200's. I am glad you choose to run Abstract as an advertiser. Hopefully someone may choose Champaign as a site, and bEAN may venture down here, but till then I hope that all and any vinyl junkies head to Abstract...they are fucking chill. Hope you keep on doing reviews because stuck here, i am almost handicapped without them. Peace,

Mani Miglani

Glad to be of any help to ya. Abstract is a group of nice guys, with good shit. I think people are already starting to see the benefits of the store, many hard to finds up in there. You might wanna try Hot Jams too, down on Archer and Pulaski, about five miles from Abstract. Helpful guys up in there too, sometimes the egos clash in there, but nothing like Gramaphone. They always have the newest shit in there, and they have mail order too. Both stores are really good. Thanks for your support, and get on our mailing list if you can, more info on the last page. Thanks -B

Dear bEAN ZINE,

I am writing in regards to your review on Home '96. I have only one question. Why was Mark Farina not given thanks to? I think in this day and age, the rave scene forgets (or doesn't know) it's roots. Although Mark may not have been a rave pioneer, he was a contributor in Chicago House Scene. And in 1992 the Chicago rave thing got most of it's substance from the house thing. (Deejays, concepts, etc.)

Really, it's a great review, don't get me wrong, I pick and choose parties now, and Home '96 was exceptional. But if you're gonna bring the fact that it was a strong party due to the Chicago deejays, don't leave out Mark. He is as important to Chicago as Derrick Carter! Don't neglect your roots! That's how the scene got ignorant. Some kids are more impressionable than others, and your zine (whether you like it or not) is a very powerful tool or weapon, and it's up to you! I left this scene three years ago because of ignorance. Please don't help feed the ignorance!

Thanks,

Karrie (Chicago, IL)

P.S. I do realize a picture was printed of Mark, but let's educate some people & let them know who the man in the picture is!

Sorry that we didn't go into detail about mark, but hey we only have so much room. We know Mark is a great dj and are familiar with his contributions to the music scene in Chicago, but to tell you the truth we didn't catch most of his set, and to just say that he was the best dj there or whatever you want us to say about him would be wrong. If you think that we're ignorant because we don't do a five-page spread on every dj that we put their picture in, well, i can give you a list of a thousand other magazines to read instead.-M

Dear bean. What the f*ck! Whats up with the scene. Im sick of going to parties, paying 20 bucks, and having a real shitty time. I never really want to go any more. Its not worth paying to get into a crappy little place, a bust, or Route 66. The scene is going down the tubes also. I never even see any of the same people i used to see all the time. All you promoters out there, quite worrying about advertising and money in your pocket, and start thinking about the ravers!

Sincerely, Corie

We hear ya' loud and clear, lets hope the pro-mo's do too. -M

This was the second page of a fax that was sent to us from Sweden of all places! They guy never did send the first page, but we'll share with you what he did send. It's kind of interesting, coming from someone so far away...

"other times he..was..here, but that was then. I think that Melbourne is damn lucky to be allowed permits for raves (not that easy, but possible), whilst I see so much stuff from the US saying stuff like, "...was a wicked party, and everyone was having a blast, but it was shut down at 4 A.M..." sure that really sucks, but I'd like to see how different Melbourne scene would be if it were forced underground, because the way it is now, you can walk down one of the more trendy shopping strips and every eighth person will be fully decked out in "rave fashion," either trying real hard to look slick or Really fu**ked up on drugs or somethin', just for that extra touch of authenticity..right?(NOT) These kinds of people probably do go to some of the more advertised sell-out raves, but what REALLY shits me is THEY stand around looking ME up and down thinking This dude shouldn't be here...he just aint slick enough...or he aint wearin' the latest fu**ing rave gear...etc. That's what it comes down to. Most of these wankers have probably been to every rave possible to go into Melbourne in the last two years, just as they realized that it was fucking fashionable. What I had in the scene five or six years ago in Melbourne, is completely gone, except through some DJ's like Travis and others who try to reach back to the old vibe through playing the tracks we heard then. It's all been replaced with wanna be's , name droppers, 13 year old E kids, and groups of Italian macho clubby dudes who want to be in on the latest but just end up fighting some "wimpy" raver, juzz coz he's a little spacey. I might sound bitter, but something in Melbourne has gone totally amis, and it's hard to lose something you love so much. So there it is...A BIG DISS TO MELBOURNE'S RAVE SCENE EXPLOITERS,

"Yafuckinitup!" A huge hello to my friend who gave me bEAN #5 in my last package (we send stuff to each other), his name is Chris Link...Split production, from Chicago. He's from Bartlett. Now, I'm in Sweden, but I am hoping to get a job so I can visit Chicago...it sounds cozy...they play more house (deep) here in Stockholm which is a refreshing change to all dat trance in Melbourne. Of course, trance is a strong element in Stockholm too, but in Melbourne house is too English, like *SAHSHA & stuff, with piano riffs all over the place and cheesy vocals continuously. I like your style of house better. Anyhow, I'm working on doing my but, I just have to get started.

PEACE<

Daniel Leckstrom

Thanks for all that info, sounds a little too familiar though. Hopefully your visit to Chicago will show you that you are not alone in the world. Even though Chicago can get a little crazy, it's a love-hate kind of thing. Oh well, thanks for your time -B

Hey y'all:

I caught one of your issues awhile back at some fucked up party, so I'm glad I went to that event, if only I knew what you're writing.

That article, "How to be a Raver," was really great, by the way.

I am a free-lance writer here in Chicago, and I also work full time for the "Reader," as an editorial assistant. I want to keep up on what's going on out there musically, and I think your reviews etc., are pretty useful, short on spending a shit load of money and time on every wack party out there. Let me know if there's any possibility I can receive a comp. copy here at 11 E. Illinois, Chicago IL. Let me know!

/Ben Ortiz

This was very unexpected, a writer for the "Reader." Well, thanks for the support. Since you live in the city, the zines are plentiful. Try Gramaphone Records, Untitled, Funk Junkies, and occasionally Tower, all on Clark Street. Otherwise, subscriptions are available, on the last page. Thanks again. Oh yeah, I read your guys' coverage on Furthur, it was pretty good, I just would have liked to have seen more stuff on the actual music. Oh well, that's our department I guess. Thanks again -B

Hi bEAN people,

My name is from I'm an old school raver, I've been around since the beginning, an original speaker freak, one of the few that's still around. I'm a promoter, and I've been doing events for about a year. I talked to someone from bEAN this past Saturday, I was passing out fliers, anybody remember me?????

Well, I was reading bEAN and I just wanted to tell you guys that you Suck, (?????) your mag was funny, interesting, thought provoking. I was inspired to get off my ass and write this when I read the "raver Friendly My Ass" article, this article was well written, and is very true, I've seen this scene change in every which way and that's why I do events, because I remember what events were like and how the scene used to be. I still believe in the rave scene, and what it stands for, peace, love, and unity. It's good that there are other people out there who realize that the whole point of raves are not to get fucked up to the point where you freak out, it's to have fun, and enjoy each other's company, but I guess every individual has his/her opinion when it comes to what or why. This is where I stand on the issue about promoters making a shit load of money off of parties. It's good that they can make some money, but when you begin to abuse it, the scene, the people, then it stops being OK!!! Promoting parties should not be a profession, but a hobby. There is life outside of our scene...Please note that I've only slept about three hours last night, I was working on a flier, so if this didn't make any sense sorry.

Peace.

The person who wrote this asked us not to print it, so we edited it some to conceal it's creator. There is just too much truth to what was said, so we felt compelled to put it in. We agree 100% with what was said, except that we Suck. (???) Oh well, that's the only part that doesn't make sense.

Otherwise, thanks for the input, you know who you are. Don't be afraid to state your thoughts and opinions though, freedom of speech is a great thing.

Thanks -B

YO bEAN KIDS!

Your rag is pretty entertaining! I laughed out loud at the sight of the Rt. 66 brawl pictorial! Keep up the ridiculous crap, ravers are so funny.

Hey, one correction though, "Species" had a total of 187 paid and a guest list of about 30. It's not that important thought, it's just hard not to be wack when you're starting off. Otherwise, the review was greatly appreciated. Here's my tape for review also. If possible, call me with your advertising rates. Maybe we could do a party up here (Lake County) together?

Thanx!

3D

Thanks for the support Dave. Don't worry about being wack, at least you're doing something for the scene, especially the Jungle side of things. Keep up the good work, your tape was The Shit. Keep us posted on upcoming events, and if you wanna do an ad, check our rates on the last page. Peace.

Wut up bEAN-

...So somehow a copy of #5 made its way into my greazy digits way up here in Minneapolis. Let me just say that when I read your fonts, I creamed. It's nice to finally read a zine that isn't saturated with (yawn) vinyl reviews, and pages of dull interviews. I love the sarcastic tone and numerous pictures, but I don't know what to think about the Kung-fu Korner. I fear change. But maybe Juba could help me remember the name of that Kung-fu video game of Shinobi Era where your guy did the weird flip every time he jumped. Anywho, I must big-up any pro-junglist writings that I see, and ya'll seem to be down with the drum and bass. I even saw three jungle tapes reviewed. You mention the "Super Sharp Shooters" a lot, but I'm not familiar with it. Personally, I think it's all about "Lighter." Ooh, and be sure to check out the Misfit; dude's the bomb and shit.

So I tried calling R-mart to order some tapes, but all I got was some music and a beep/tone. I got scared and hung up. What was I supposed to do? I suppose I should have known that the line would be a sketch since you chose to shade the R-mart section. (???) But I still love what y'uns are printing out, and I wanna know how I can git copies in the future in Minneapolis.

Much respect,

the Idee

I was kinda surprised when we got this response, up in Minnesota, and shit. That's cool. First of all, thanks for the props, sorry about R-mart, I don't even really know what's up with that shit. Tell you what, I'll send you a copy of one of my tapes, and save ya some cash. Sorry about that shit. As for the bEANER, you can get a subscription for now, if you'd like, look on the last page. We currently just drop the shit at Chicago, and Milwaukee shindigs, and people transport them mysteriously. We'll be looking for stores to pick us up, but mailing shit out ain't cheap, so it may be awhile for that. Hook us up with some stores out there, and maybe we can work something out. And oh yeah, Juba wanted to know what you meant about "I fear Change." Oh well, thanks again. We'll see ya. -B

To all the crazy-ass bEANERZ-

First off, I just want to say that I read your article, "Raver Friendly My Ass," in bEAN #5, and I would have to admit, that it was pretty damn deep. I read the article a few times, just to get a complete understanding on the message that you were trying to get across to everyone. And I realized that I fell the same way about the scene. I've been going to parties for over a year, and I can already see quite a difference myself. I'll start off with my first "rave." I was introduced by a friend I met on Clark Street in Chicago. This guy referred to it as a so-called "drug party." I went, and like 95% of the crowd, I got fucked up! It was the first time I ever did acid, and when I peaked, I lost my fucking mind. I got pretty scared, and for about a half hour, I curled up against the wall and kind of had a look of panic on my face. Within the time, about 4-5 girls came up to me and helped me! They asked me if I needed anything, gave me water, candy, hugs, and talked to me. They basically passed down a great deal of love, respect, and a positive attitude, which made me fall in love with the scene. So did the music! That party was Mission Underground, which sure did make one hell of a first party.

I don't see much of any of that anymore. Now I see more and more of those cocky attitudes walking around, making sure everyone sees their new gear. Yeah, my pants might be a little baggy, I might have some new gear now and then, but I sure don't go to a party for a fucking fashion show. I'm there to meet new people, dance, and have a fun time with a positive attitude.

The reason I'm writing this, is to shed some light on your (Chris) feelings about the scene, and let you all know that there are some of us who still carry that old vibe of peace, love, respect, and unity. I try my best to contribute to the scene. And I'd love to help you guys out. I live close by, in the Waukegan area, let me know if I can help.

Jon Beerli

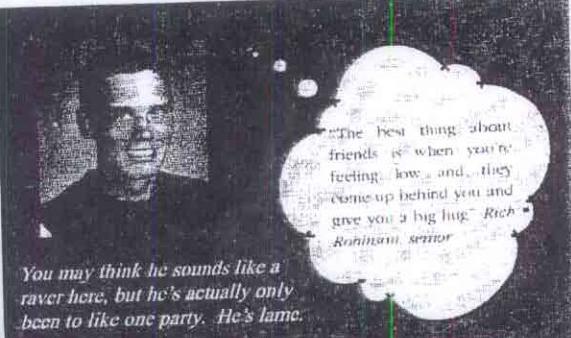
Chris was supposed to answer this letter, but he's not being of too much help these days, so I'm gonna answer it. Jon, thank you for your response. I'd like to say one thing. Once a person stops doing drugs at parties, they begin to see everything more clearly, because they're no longer on drugs. Chris realized this, and obviously, so did you, and many others. It's a very common thing. Even if you are to do drugs at parties again, you'll have preconceptions about what's going on around you, and you're likely to not feel the same way you felt before you knew about the bullshit. Knowing about the shit, is the main problem. But it doesn't make it go away. You didn't pay any attention to the bullshit at your first few parties, cause you were overwhelmed with how cool you felt. Some people choose to do drugs at every party to try to get that old feeling back. All I can say to that is, move forward. The future is ours, and we can't dwell on the past. You might not be able to party as hard sober as you did when you were on drugs, but you can have as much fun. Enjoy the music. Ignore the bullshit, and support who you supports you. That's it. Move forward, if you don't like something, do something to change it. That's why we're here. Thanks again. -B

You've seen him, not once, but twice...

From Two-Dollar Whore to...



Rich Robinson, as seen on not one, but two cover's of Thousand Words Magazine.



You may think he sounds like a raver here, but he's actually only been to like one party. He's lame.

The best thing about friends is when you're feeling low, and they come up behind you and give you a big hug." Rich Robinson, senior

I'm sure most of you have seen the cover of the first issue and the Anniversary issue of Thousand Words. If not, oh well, we'll continue anyhow. Well, the guy on both of those covers was somewhat of a part of our lives before we became the bEANerz. His name is Rich Robinson.

Rich was, how should I say this...pretty peculiar. We all knew Rich in high school. We went to school with him, some of us worked with, skated with him, and spent New Years Eve in "custody" with him at the Lake Forest Police station. Craft was a bit closer to him, then most of us. He saw GWAR with him, accidentally woke up to him jumping into bed with nothing on but a rubber on his rock hard dick, and proceed to fuck his Prom date, and unfortunately had the experience of owing him some cash...two dollars.

I guess it started cause Craft bought a deck or some shit from him, and was like two bucks short. Rich told him just to give him what he had. Chris was under the impression that the deal was complete, and that the merchandise was his. Not completely so. The debt still had to be paid...all two dollars. Rich even had a chalk board in his room in which he wrote down all debts owed to him.

Craft thought the whole thing was basically asinine. Two dollars. The deal was over, and Rich had the nerve to ask for his two dollars on not just one, but several occasions, over several months. Craft finally got tired of hearing this freak ask for the lousy two bucks, so he paid him back in change, months later. At this point we were all basically fed up with this character, and couldn't stomach his existence. He was the Two Dollar Whore.

We had forgotten about him for quite some time. He moved to Joliet or some shit to work at some Power Plant. (They should put him in charge of bill collection.) so we never even thought about him anymore...until that one day last summer...on the cover of some glossy magazine...Thousand Words! As we thumbed through the pages we saw another familiar Zion face, resting her ass...Joanna Littlefield. Our stomachs all churned. Rich on the outside, Joanna on the inside, what crap! This shit really moved our bowels, and has been consistant since day one. We probably never would have even mentioned any of this until last month when the Anniversary Issue of Thousand Words came out. This time, they had Rich...in color!!! Oh...the horror!!! The Two Dollar Whore!!! If only we could express how annoying his face is to us. I mean, the guy would like borrow a nickel from you one day, and pay you back the very next, and say thank you. He was basically a stroke. Look where his face ended up. Isn't it strange how sometimes things can be so ironic???

Thousand Words Cover Boy!!



Shelley Rhodes
Waylon Rice
Andrew Richter
Richard Robinson
Sandra Rockwell

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

\$

This was originally going to be a stupid far-fetched funny story poking fun at the promoters within the Chicago scene much like the "How to be a Raver" article in NO. 4. But after getting treated like shit or feeling like i got ripped off i decided to make more of a statement than a parody.

The number one thing that we here about through our mail or just by talking to people is that the price of parties is way to much. The quality of parties isn't any different than a year or two ago, but the price has almost doubled. Nowadays you can't go out on a Sat. night without spending twenty bucks unless the party is done by a new, up & coming promoter and even then it still might be fifteen dollars for smaller local house djs. I want to know what the fuck is going on with this. Don't get me wrong here, some parties are rightfully worth the extra bucks (Twisted being one) but now it has become sort of a standard by which everyone feels that they must follow. It's makes you think when Drop Bass can throw Further for three days for the same price some are charging for 10 hours. What makes it worse is that we the patrons let these people do it and say nothing or do nothing about it. Well I'm here to write that there is something you can do about it, you can bitch and bitch and bitch some more. In case you haven't thought of or just didn't know about it, voicemail numbers can also accept messages as well as deliver info to the parties. If you go to a party and it's wack or overpriced call and complain, gets your friends to do the same. I'm not saying to call and harass these people, but it is important to voice your opinion. Other things you can do is write letters to us or other 'zines that support your scene (when 3000+ people read bad things about them, pro-mo's tend to change somewhat fast) and what it is about (and ripping people off isn't one of those things). Don't get me wrong that you should say that a party sucked because you had a lousy time, but when some one throws parties and scheldueld acts don't show up and they know this ahead of time and still don't lower the price, then it's time to raise hell. Don't let the same people burn you twice, be aware of whose throwing the party and if you have doubts about it, trust your gut feeling (anyone remember Ladybug? if i would have trusted my gut i wouldn't have been out forty bucks for two tickets). Since some promoters also change their name for every party they throw, nobody really knows who is doing it, so ask around and become educated with who you are giving your money to.

Other things you can do is also throw parties yourself. I know that not everybody has money to do this but we aren't talking full scale events here. There are a lot djs out there who would just like to spin in front of people, get some speakers and it's on. Another thing you can do is just stay home, but this works best only if you call them and tell them that you won't support them and let them know why. It's not fair to criticize without offering suggestions. I know i may be outta line here, but i'm just to damn frustrated dealing with this crap every weekend.

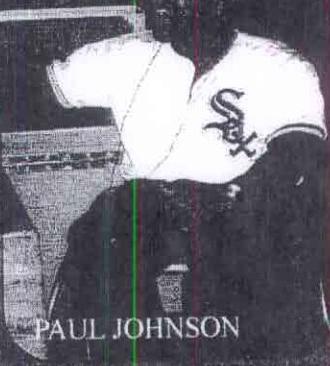


what's that? You say
you want to be a...



3D

FRANKIE VEGA



PAUL JOHNSON

MIKE DEARBORN



Welcome to

TEAMSTER CITY

Justin Long

We've done Traxx, we've done Halo, and we just wouldn't be consistent if we didn't do Justin. Our final edition to the "Teamsters" update. Justin Long has been around for awhile, and he's someone you should know. We met up with him at the Vibemaur's, "Aquadogue."

Okay, let's start out with the basic, cheesy questions. How long have you been spinning?

Four years.

Has it always been House?

I play everything. But everything came from House, and if you look at it, House came from Disco. Techno came from House.

Have your influences changed from when you started till now at all?

No...my favorite deejay will always be Derrick Carter. And then of course Traxx, cause he especially helped me a lot back when I started. (Pointing at our handwritten signatures of the "Mellower," and laughing.)

We're going to make some stickers out of that too.

Good, make a bunch. (Still laughing.)

You're pretty well known within the scene in Chicago, so you can see what's happening here. What do you think about all of it?

The scene is falling apart. Because I don't know, people aren't going because of the music anymore, people don't wanna understand what it's about. People just wanna come and uh, do their drags. I see a bunch of \$20 gangster kids, who come to a party, and pay their \$20 just so they can act hard. What's the point? I thought that you paid twenty bucks to hear good music, and have fun.

I know, I was just in the bathroom, and you people, guys too, in there, doing lines and shit. And I had to piss. Them people just take up space.

That's your personal thing. I mean, I don't have nothing against those people, except that they waste a lot of space.

Important space, especially when there are only two stalls in the bathroom.

Exactly.

Tell us about your releases.

I've laid two tracks down on Contact, and right now I'm working on some stuff for my manager's label, Guidance, which should be out soon. And I'm laying down some stuff for Rush's label, Knee Deep, and also for Liquid Sky. So, I've been busy a lot lately.

Okay, how about the Teamsters thing?

Teamsters, pretty much it's me and Halo, and also Traxx. It's just a thing we came up with, we're still expanding, getting deejays from all over. Like trying to make a big unity out of it.

Do you have any tapes coming out any time soon?

Real soon, very soon. Me and Halo were supposed to do a CD together, but we wanted to go all out, and it was just too expensive, it was outrageous, cause we wanted there to look really good...color cover, everything. So one day...it will happen, in the future.

The big thing right now is a live PA. Since you've had the chance to lay shit down, do you see yourself doing something live at a party at all?

Nah...I don't think so. When I come out, I wanna spin my records, and make people dance off of that.

Yeah...cause your style is so cool. You like, spin, and you're totally getting into your shit. People around, watching, just can't help but to dance.

When I come out playing hard Techno, I probably had a bad day, or just a bad week. Or the vocal stuff, then I'm feeling good.

Yeah, like at "Trust" last night, you were spinning some sweet shit.

Thank you. That's new style I'm coming with, for probably the rest of '96.

Dude, that was so bad. That place, the floor was flexin' and shit, from people just gettin' down. Everyone was...Oh...it was so cool. That was really good. Alright, how about some more personal questions, like where did you grow up?

I grew up in Chicago, my whole life. Born and raised. I think the whole Liquid Sky thing had thrown you guys off before.

Yeah, that and the fact that we live way the hell up by almost Wisconsin, words get distorted when they travel that far. And people were like, "Oh yeah, he's from New York, and doesn't come out much..." or some bullshit like that. God, I'm sorry about all that.

No...it's okay. Shit, we all make mistakes.

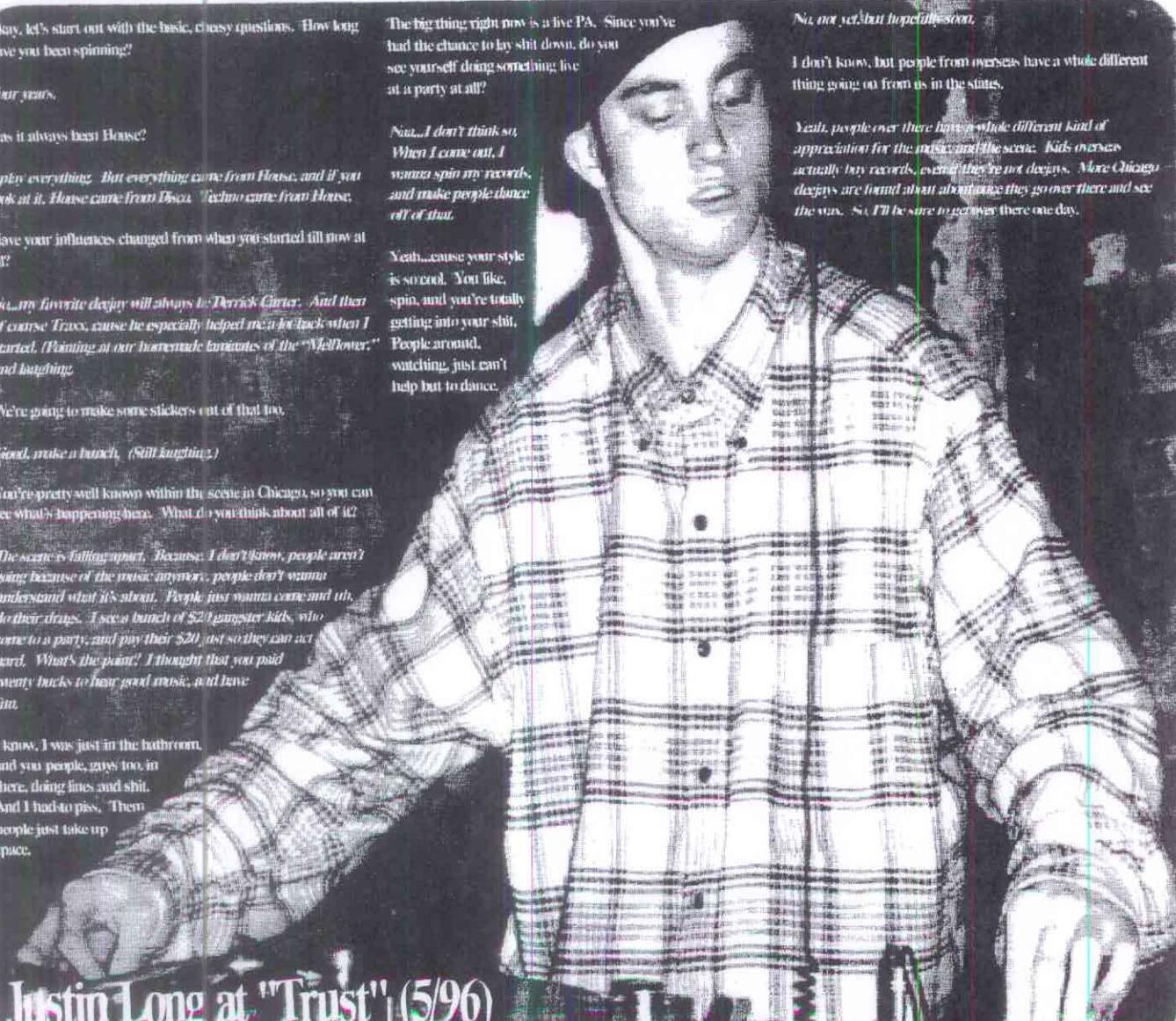
Alright, cool. (relieved) So, uh, what's it been like being able to travel and shit? Have you visited any other countries yet?

No, not yet, but hopefully soon.

I don't know, but people from overseas have a whole different thing going on from us in the states.

Yeah, people over there have a whole different kind of appreciation for the music and the scene. Kids overseas actually buy records, even if they're not deejays. More Chicago deejays are found about about once they go over there and see the mix. So, I'll be sure to go over there one day.

Justin Long at "Trust" (5/96)



Justin Long continued!

It seems like a lot of Chicago talent is overlooked.

Well, yeah, over here, but overseas, it's not. They've always appreciated good talent out of Chicago. All the old Trax Records, DJ International Records—since '88, they've always had the appreciation.

Over here, it's like people are so closed minded about music. Rap, House, it's like that's "Black music." They think more white kids like gabber, and techno. That's so narrow minded.

Yeah, that's just closed minded. Me, I play everything. House, Techno, you name it. It's all music when it boils down. I used to listen to Gabber in my spare time, once in awhile. Jungle too. I like jungle.

How long have you been a part of Liquid Sky?

Since February 4th of 1995.

Wow, you know the date, and everything but?

Actually, it was a party I spun with Reese, and uh I spun, and he really liked my style, so he called me up, and asked me and Trax to join the team. They totally look out for me, send my records, put out a good word about me. It all came down to them getting me out to New York, and that's a big city, like Chicago. There's a lot of competition going on. Especially here. There are a lot of deejays with a lot of skills, and they don't get to play out. And it's like kids now days, don't even know who Derrick Carter is or Spencer Kinsey. These are people that I grew up listening to, and are just the bomb to me. I'd go out day in here Derrick. I'd pay to see him.

What do you think about the lack of promoter support?

Actually, I think that it has a lot to do with politics, politics are fucked. There's nothing you can do about it.

Are you spinning tonight?

I don't know, they said maybe. I was supposed to be spinning in Iowa but they called me yesterday and said they cancelled the party and I was like yeah, whatever. They just gave me the runaround.

Have you ever spun there before?

Well I spun Iowa once and hated it. They had us spinning in a house because they lost their space. One turntable on the kitchen counter, the other table on the stove, it was bad. Me, Halo and Trevor Lamont, in a house.

Dawn...well...uh...where do you see yourself like, within the next five years?

In five years, hopefully the same thing, just progressed a lot. My life is music. It's nothing else. Like on the weekdays, I'm either making tracks, or hanging out with my friends. And when the weekend comes, I spin, and that's all I do. I've dedicated myself 100% to this.

Yeah, you can totally tell when you spin. Anyone you wanna give thanks to?

Big thanks to Traxx, he's always been there for me. Halo's been a good friend throughout everything. Kelly, my manager, she's been a huge help. Without these people, I'd probably be somewhere I'm not right now. Big thanks to Reese and Sankofa in New York, from Liquid Sky. Big thanks to my brother, Brax, for always believing in me, and my family. You know, Suncore and Mike, and everyone else I forgot. I'm sorry. I'm kinda tired right now.

So your family supports everything you're doing?

Oh, yeah...100%. My friends are my family. I'd do anything for them if I had to.

What's like, the best scene that you've experienced?

My favorite places to spin, outside of Chicago, are Nashville, and Omaha.

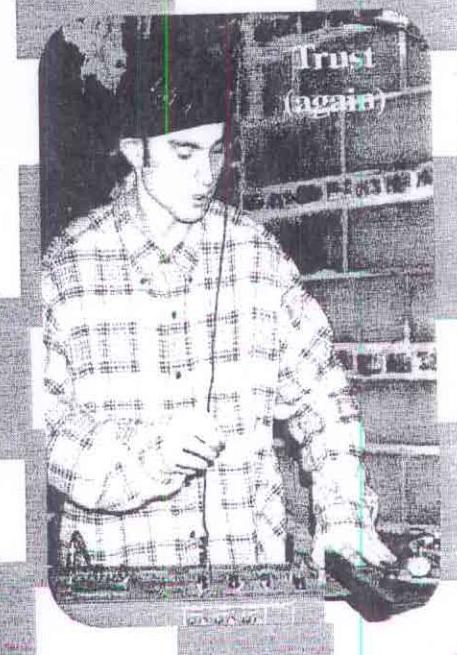
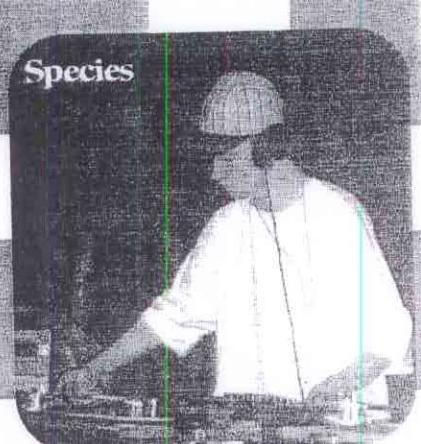
Really?

Yeah, the kids out there, they really appreciate it. When me and Halo spun down there last time, there were like 800 kids, and they just danced. In a dirty little warehouse, just dancing, having a good ole time. There's not a lot of politics there, cause there's only like one promoter. So they really don't have to go out of their way to try and rip kids off. It's not all about the glamour and the glory, it's about what it's about; it's about music, dancing and having fun. They really love house down there, and they know what it's all about.

That's really weird. I never really thought about Southern folks dancing house.

Oh, they love it. They eat it up. Everybody'll love house, it just takes time. I mean all over the world, people dug disco back in '75, all over. This is just a new form, taken to a higher level. It all boils down to the same thing. I mean I look at it like this...this is my outlook on the whole thing. Alright, the Underground scene, we're a bunch of soldiers in a revolution against music censorship, and against commercialism, and we're all fighting this war, and we all need to stick together, and believe the right beliefs. And just totally take it out. That's what Teamsters is all about. Me and Traxx, and Halo, and Mike C too, along with other added members coming in and we're all about totally fighting the whole commercial thing, the whole "I'm just here to be cool..." It's not about your clothes, it's not about how good your hair looks in the morning. It's not about how much money you have in your pocket, as long as you're having fun, and people respect each other on the same level. Also, I forgot to send a shout out to Spencer Kinsey, he's always been there for me too. And Evan, and Rob...sorry guys. If anyone has any questions about tapes, has any comments about anything (312) 479-1493. Booking, whatever. If you have anything to say, call me!

Species



"Alright, the underground scene, we're a bunch of soldiers in a revolution against music censorship, and against commercialism, and we're all fighting this war, and we all need to stick together, and believe the right beliefs. And just totally take it out."

MC-303

Roland's newest
musical masterpiece

MC-303 Groove Box

Look at it, and you know immediately what it is: the MC-303 reminds you of those Roland beat boxes and other groovy devices impossible to come by but indispensable for the serious Dance musician. Yet its features are straight out of the late 1990s. It's got rhythms (Preset and User Patterns consisting of backings and cool grooves), it's got music (all those killer sounds the Dance scene is after), and it's as real-time as an electronic musical instrument can possibly get. Who could ask for anything more? Here's a device worth expensive setups consisting of turntables, a mixer, and various instruments. The MC-303 is an exciting new product that presents new creative approaches to dance music. Dance music, especially techno music, can now be approached creatively by anyone using the MC-303. All that's required is just to combine any preset sounds and patterns from the huge selection offered, including sounds from vintage analog synthesizers. Realtime performance capability is emphasized, such as realtime Cutoff and Resonance controls to vary the sound as well as Arpeggio and Groove Quantize for adding a special feel or groove to the song. The self-contained MC-303 can offer a level of performance which has been only available with huge set-ups including turntable, mixer, and various instruments. The MC-303's integrated features provide advanced DJs with another innovative way of creating techno music.

With its 120 Preset Patterns and an awesome 448 Tones and 12 Drum Sets, the MC-303 has everything to get you up and grooving within seconds. The Preset Patterns and Tones cover various facets of modern dance music, from Techno, Jungle Trance to House, Acid Jazz and Hip-Hop. The MC-303 comes loaded a selection of vintage analogue sounds that are so typical of dance music: TB-303 basses, SH-101 basses and solo sounds, Juno and Jupiter sounds, synth pianos, etc., and of course scratch noises, orchestra hits, white noise, TR-909 and TR-808. Techno and Jungle drum sets are also included. The Preset Patterns can either be used 'as is' or customized by muting some parts (the chord backing, for example) and then stored to one of the 300 Variation memories. Original Patterns can be created either by modifying existing Preset Patterns or by programming them in real-time or step time. The MC-303 provides 50 User Pattern memories. Pattern Sequences can either be programmed in real-time or as Songs for repeated use.

The MC-303 is essentially a real-time performance tool, providing four large knobs for recordable sound parameter editing (filter, LFO, envelope, resonance, etc.), Real-time Phrase Sequencing (RPS), an advanced arpeggiator with more than 30 styles, and sophisticated Quantize functions (Grid Quantize, Shuffle Quantize, and Groove Quantize). The MC-303 also features a Low Boost knob allowing you to dial in as much low-end as it takes to create powerful Kick or bass sounds so that anyone can 'feel' the groove. The BPM rate can be specified down to the first decimal place for precise synchronization with external sound sources or by using the Tap Tempo function.

The MC-303 also sports a MIDI IN and a MIDI OUT connector to interface with external MIDI compatible equipment.

America's hottest fone-sex line just got HOTTER!

"I'll Tickle Your Guts!!!"

1-900-555-HE-HE



Live 1-on-1 action
gay or straight!!!

18 or older
\$1,000.00 per min
live kung-fu
1-900-guns-n-fu

satisfied caller



2929 s. Archer Ave.

WE PLAY UP BEATS & MORE BEATS
FOR ANY ATMOSPHERE.

DISCO ALTERNATIVE SPANISH ROCK
FREESTYLE TECHNO ACID
TRAXX UNDERGROUND R&B
HIP-HOUSE DEEP HOUSE & FUNK

MUZIK AT HAND ON 12", SINGLES,
FULL LENGTH TAPES, CASS, 8-TRACKS, & CDs

DJ's need a classic?
Come take a peep @ our large inventory.

(312) 843-0111
fax 312-843-0110

Danny the

Wildchild

Interview by Brenda and Martin

Danny the Wildchild is rapidly becoming an underground junglist extraordinaire. He's got skills, wicked vinyl, and most importantly, he's got lots of years ahead of him. Danny's only 19. With that in mind, he's also been playing with the wax for about seven years. That's right, I kid you not, the boy's been spinning since he was twelve. As a matter of fact, he won a \$50.00 contest when he was twelve for being the youngest DJ at some party. That's when the "Wildchild" came to be...

"I've got all kinds of fliers. (As he toured us through his collection, that goes back like eight years, and shit, not all rave fliers obviously, some were Hip-Hop parties and whatnot.) My brother used to spin, and when I was young, and he'd go out and do whatever, and I'd use his shit. He'd get pissed off cause I was eventually schoolin' his ass, and all his friends, on his equipment. My very first public appearance was when I was twelve. I entered this contest for being the youngest DJ. One of the opponents' name was

....Wildchild..., and he was supposedly only nine years old. Well, we knew that he was obviously a fake, just to get people's attention. So when I won the contest, I stole the name, because I was the wild child from that contest, the name stayed with me ever since."

Danny is pretty wild indeed. The guy is an avid DMC fan, in fact he's got almost all of the DMC tapes from '88 on up. He showed us his latest, 1995. The shit was wicked! And the dope thing is, he's ready to compete, and he's confident that he'd be the shit up there if he could get an application for it. I guess in past years, when the applications were everywhere, he didn't feel ready. But now he's ready, and there isn't an application to be found. So if anyone knows where to get one, hook him up, for real, cause it'll be on! He's truly a scratch master.

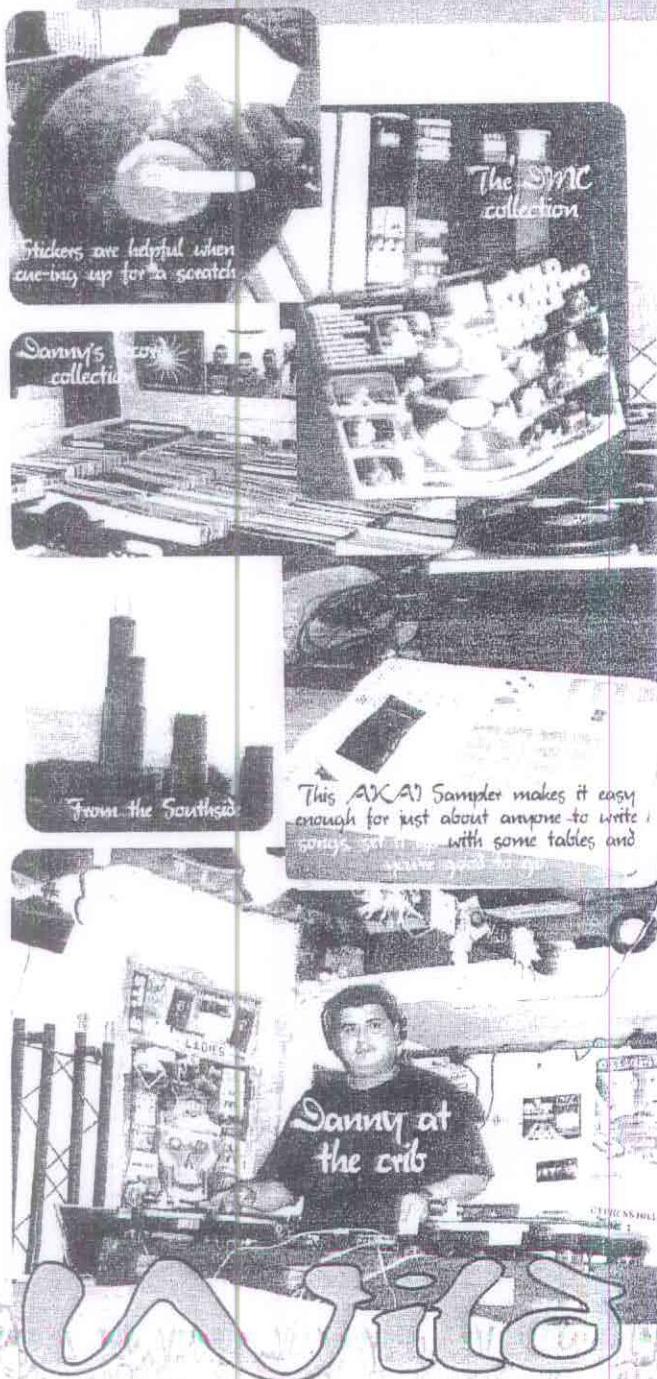
Anyhow, Danny lives at home, in his family's basement. Parent familiy, not like wife and kids family. He doesn't work, well he does, but his kind of work is a little bit more on the fun side. He does sound for smaller parties, and spins whenever he can. He's inherited all of his brothers' records, which to some may be a virtual goldmine of old disco. He's got his own little record shop in a corner of his room, with everything, you name it. He can spin about anything put on wax. I guess he even does weddings and shit. Hey, whatever pays the bills. But in his heart, lies his true calling, being a junglist mon.



Danny at Turntable

DANNY'S TOP TEN TOOLZ

1. BUSTA RHYMES... "WOO-HAH" UNKNOWN MIX
2. DOPE SKILLZ... "THE FIX"
3. THE 45 ROLLER... "SHOTZ"
4. EASY D... "GIMME GIMMIE" NORTH EP
5. THE SOUL-IAH... "DOWN WITH THE LITES"
6. PROTOTYPE... "GOT TO"
7. THE DREAM TEAM... "EAST COAST"
8. TIMELESS... "ROLL WITH IT"
9. THE DYNAMIC DUO... "SAD STORY"
10. LEE SMITH... "FOR REAL"

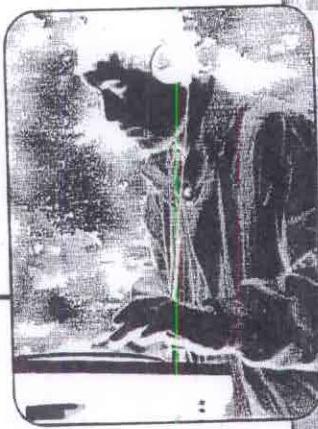


Danny the Wildchild has only been in the "rave" scene for a handful of years. He rented the sound for several earlier parties, and finally decided to check one out for himself. Danny told us that Miguel of Incredibeets, and Ben AKA Dr. Groo, got him into the scene from the start. Being a true Hip-Hop fan, jungle seemed to trigger his interest, when it came to "rave" music. It still seems to be Danny's perfect compliment with his supreme scratching capability, and his love and knowledge of Hip-Hop. He told us that he utterly fell in love when he was introduced to "raves" because of the unity, and the way people can just totally love and enjoy music to its fullest without any violence. (At least until more recently) He had never seen anything comparable. And even at his first party, he looked at the tower of sound, and up at the DJ, and said, I wanna do this...and he did. Now he's rockin' anyone open enough to hear what he's got. Chicago isn't much into the jungle scene, unfortunately, but other scenes like Minneapolis, even Milwaukee, totally dig his style, and can't seem to get enough.

Danny's career, as far as a DJ goes, is going full speed ahead. He's known to deliver, and right now, people just can't enough of him. He's been traveling quite a bit lately. But the thing that stands out about Danny the most, is that he's an honest person, who doesn't act like a bad ass. Don't get me wrong, he is not modest, he knows he kicks ass. But he doesn't flaunt it, he's not an asshole in any means. In fact, he's just flat out cool. He don't have many strong feelings about anything in particular, he just seems to kind of flow with everything that comes his way. That's really cool.

Danny did have one thing to say, that was frankly pretty sad. He said, "Jungle's happening everywhere but here." Referring to Chicago. Everyone at Futhur dug Jungle, and in Minneapolis. The midwest wants more of it, but one city continues to stand in the way of its growth. As far as jungle goes, it's basically been shunned by the main promotor, due to something that happened with another promoter. It's all about business, not music. To me, that's really lame, I mean, kids are missing out on a very intelligent source of music, and culture, that I feel belongs in the scene, because of business. Jungle is progressing, and it's really the bomb. It's like, I'll see kids just leave the dancefloor when a junglist comes on, or they'll talk shit...when what they should be doing, is just listening. bEAN supports junglists 100%, and with the help of smaller promoters, Dubshack, and WNUR, jungle can be celebrated, the way it should be. The support just needs to come back, and especially the trust. Jungle is music, not bullshit, listen to the music. Especially when Danny's spinning, cause he really does know how to bring out the best in it. If Danny's ever around, check the kid out, even if you claim you don't like jungle, grow some nuts and give it a chance...Danny's skills will put you in your place. He'll scratch your eyes out if you aint careful...

Wild Style



This interview was done at Twisted on April 20th, so if it sounds a bit dated please forgive us. We also didn't have a recorder handy so alternate methods were used (pen & paper). Sorry if it sounds corny, or kinda blunt, and to the point.

bEAN recommends adding a "bloody bloke english" accent to make it sound more authentic.

First off we'll start with the usual questions, how long have you been spinning and producing?

Ahh, since buth.

What got you started?

I got my stahb by spinning hip-hope.

What do you have planned to release in the future?

Well ahctually, mah next single is hip-hope.

Rumor has it that you won't be continuing the "Red" series?

It would be bawring to continue it, ovakill. Anyone who would pie to release a new "Red" is a sahp, because they're only doing it because it's "Red-4".

What all do you have released?

I have about thutly different releases, several of them under asylases. Too many of them to nime.

Usually being one that others list as a influence, who are yours?

I have several influences, and not just techno. I rahll respect Public Enemy & Paris. Frankie Bones is a big influence. I also look toads a lot of bands such as UK Subs.

Do you have anyone you could specifically thank for you success?

I would have to thank everyone & no one. If I wah to name names I would foget someone.

What other types of music within the rave scene do you like?

Well, I'll tell you I hate gahbber! - But at Bahlance (fall '94) in Milwaukee, the gahbber they had there was great. It was- like "punk gahbber".

How would you compare the scene in Europe to that in the U.S.?

In Europe, the people have grown up listening to the music. Most of the kids here tonight have maybe been into it for a year. Maybe 3% of them have ever heard of Larry Heard. They dontt know the roots of the music. I'm nawt saying that they should have never been bawn, you do have to stahb somewhere. There's so much maw than "Dave Clarke" to the music I make. There's a lot of history of hip-hope and electro in what I produce. Trahxx records is like motown to me. It's jahst been in the peoples blood a lot lawnger in England. Also, there's too much segregation in the U.S. scene. There's too many white kids compared to blahck kids. Nobody breakdances in England anymore eitha, but they still do it here.

Would you ever want to come back to Chicago?

It's a nice plice, but only as a tourist not as a professional.

What do you think techno would be like today without influences from cities like Chicago and Detroit?

Done by the bEAN posse. extra special thanks to E.T. & ATP

Dave Clarke

A helluva lot wuhss, like AC/DC, but only house.

What is your opinion of the way drugs and fashion have taken the spotlight off the music?

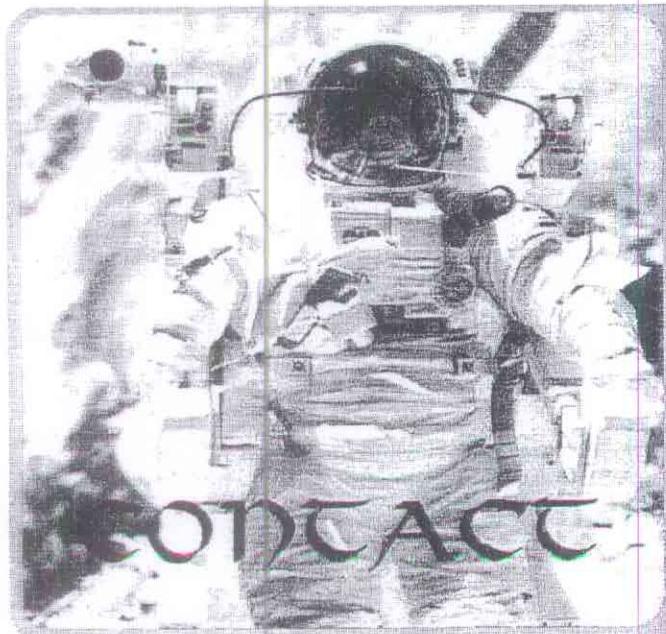
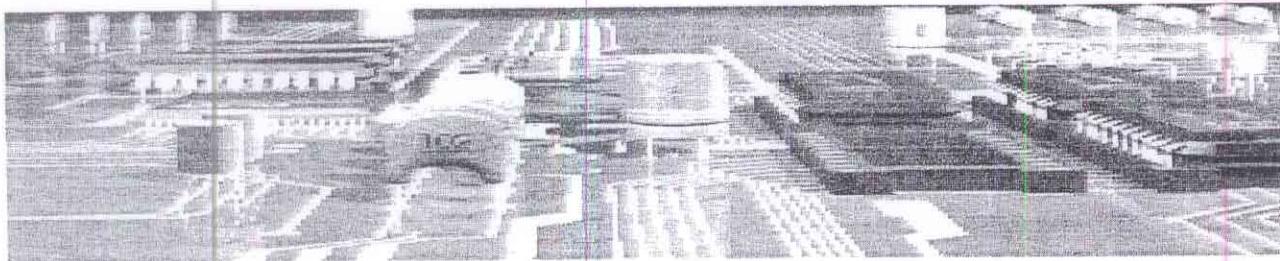
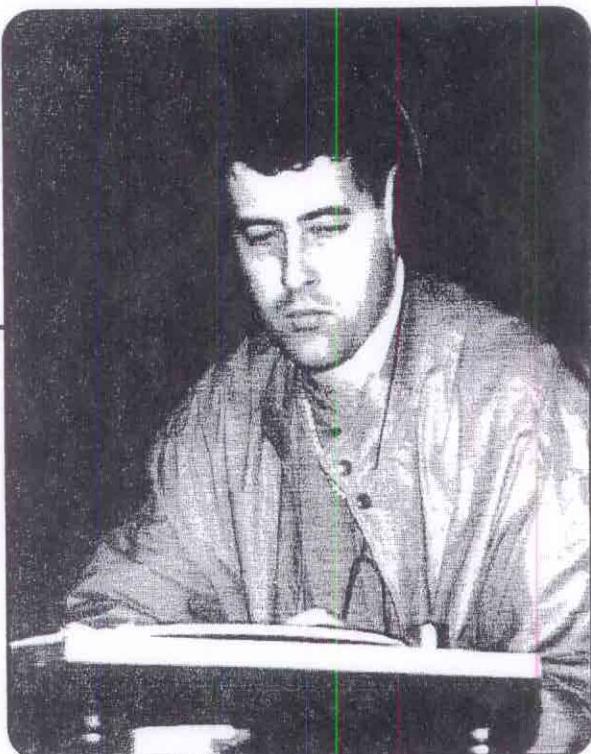
Well there's your ahnswer right there (pointing at some club kid walking by). Drugs are fucked! Ah mean, I'm the first one to down buhbon & beer, but hard drugs-there's really no vahlid reason faw it.

Any other places in the U.S. you will be appearing?

I was supposed to be Washington D.C. last night but Bill Clinton still hasn't paid his silver suhvants(?). I'll be appearing in Ohio. I cancelled Hollywood- It's to wanky there. I don't want to risk rahnning into Johnny Depp. I don't know about San Francisco- I don't know if ahm hippie enough to hang there.

Any closing comments?

"Ahm out!"



With the introduction of Chris Craft in the last issue we had some response from other up and coming djs interested in us doing the same for them. We thought that this would be a good idea to keep this up and help some of the unknown become known.

This issues feature is Dj Solo from the northern IL. area. He spins hard trance and has a tape available now called "Contact", (don't worry his is really available, unlike someone else's). It is a 90 minute release featuring some bad-ass trance tunes. The packaging is also first rate as well as the sound quality. Contact (347)746.9022 for more info or drop a line here at bEAN and we can hook you up.

NEIL NANDSTRUM

PEACEFROG, SATIVATE
SONIC GROOVE, SCANDANAVIA

"Smoke a chubby,
have some fun."



Interview by BEAN
Layouts by Craft & The Kid

B: When and where did you get your start?

N: My start was a club called Pure. That was in Edinbrook, about 1994.

B: Was this when you started deejaying?

N: No, that was my first live show. I've been deejaying since about '91. Then I started producing in about '92.

B: What's the appeal of electronic music to you?

N: It captures certain feelings that other music can't do. It's open to the mood you catch off it, particularly because they're no vocals. You don't have any preconception of what the song's about, probably because the noises "pop" with parts of your brain. It would be odd to say techno is "dark" because it has an image of being dark, rather than feeling dark.

B: Do you think the force behind electronic is its power to convey emotion without the element of spoken words?

N: I think so, because it doesn't suggest anything to you beforehand.

B: It leaves the listener open to feel how they want by interpreting it themselves rather than someone telling them how to feel.

N: It's nice to see people react to the music compared to how I feel about a particular track.

B: Do you produce more to please yourself or more for others?

N: I get pleasure from it, but if people get the point of a track, that's something achieved. And if they don't, then I've somehow failed.

B: Where do you see the underground scene headed?

N: By the looks of it, it might go more into the bedrooms for awhile. So the legal side of it can get sorted out-licenses and permits. I don't think people quite know what they want to do with it yet. I think techno might end up being a jazz-club membership thing.

B: Do you prefer clubs over venues like this?

N: Clubs, definitely. It's much more organized.

B: You don't have kids running in & out and the promoter's pissed off because he doesn't know who paid and who jumped the fence.

N: I don't like that shit.

B: Where you're from, techno isn't considered as much of an underground thing...

N: But another thing is that Edinbrook has the best club scene in Europe...bear in mind that we were the first to have Ritchie Hawtin play live. Scotland's got the best club scene in our part of Europe as far as I'm concerned.

B: Do you prefer to deejay or play live?

N: Play live.

B: Do you spin out at parties?

N: I spin but I feel that it's just playing records I like. It's not really me. When you play live people get a better impression of you and your ideas.

B: Do you spin the style you produce?

N: No. I think you've got two types of deejays. There's dj/dj's and producers/dj's. I play records that have influenced the way I produce music. I play old records ones that people haven't heard because they haven't had interest in it long enough.

B: How do you think you've evolved?

N: I think I'm a thief basically.

B: That's ironic because you have such an individual style.

N: It's different from my point of view. I love the American techno. I love the Chicago thing. I have the entire Relief catalog. Everyone's a thief...you take from other people's styles what you like. I really like Bambata's style: minimal funky stuff. But it's more obvious to me



than it is to you. Why what do you think my style is like?

B: It's like nothing we've ever heard before, it's more of a bouncy type of sound. Say someone's playing and it's the regular house/techno thing and the deejay throws on your record, and even if everyone's having a good time, when they hear the "BUH-WUH-WUHHH" the energy level shoots up and everything gets kinda crazy. Do you think being from where techno is more mainstream that it's harder to achieve more?

N: Well, yes. You just have to prove people wrong. Another thing you have to understand is that most people can't write good music.

B: What are your influences?

N: Acid house, British acid house. Cheese, plenty of cheese. People deny cheese and cheese is a part of everything. It can't be a good party without getting slightly cheesy.

B: Like someone as serious as Tony having some clowns who write for a zine watching a fence for him while doing interviews.

N: Some people have this idea that everything has got to be totally serious, but you have to wind it with being silly.

B: Do you have a job or anything you do besides music?

N: No, music is all I do. I started my own label. The first release should be out next week- Navario Sodie, from Edinbrook. It's called Scandanavia Records. Also some tracks with Adam-X. I think Adam-X is one of the most influential people in techno. There's loads of unspoken people in techno. And it's the wankers that get all the credit. The media's got it's odd angle, especially in the UK.



If you're not black and have a mustache and from Detroit, you're nothing in the UK. They don't consider Christian and me as any good. We get all the credit from elsewhere.

B: What's your relationship with Christian Vogie?

N: We're good mates. We've been doing things together music-wise for a couple of years now.

B: What plans do you have other than the label?

N: I just did another album that should be out in July.

B: What do you think of Chicago?

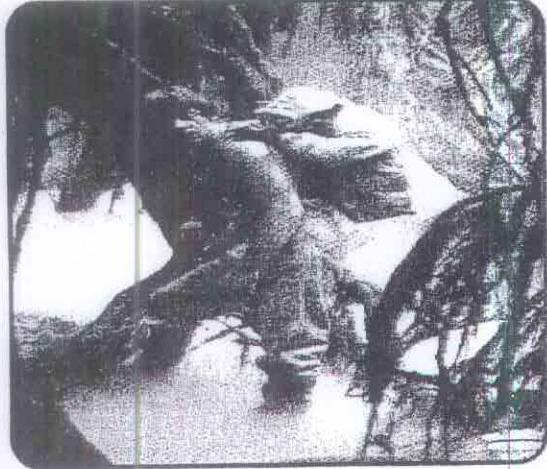
N: I think it's pretty fuckin' mad! Did you know that there's more people just in Chicago than in all of Scotland? If I came back, I think I'd want to do a club.

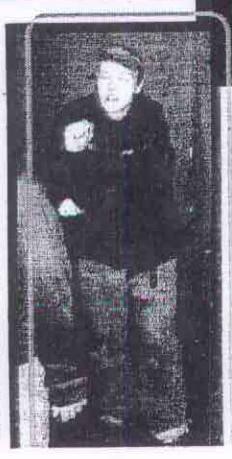
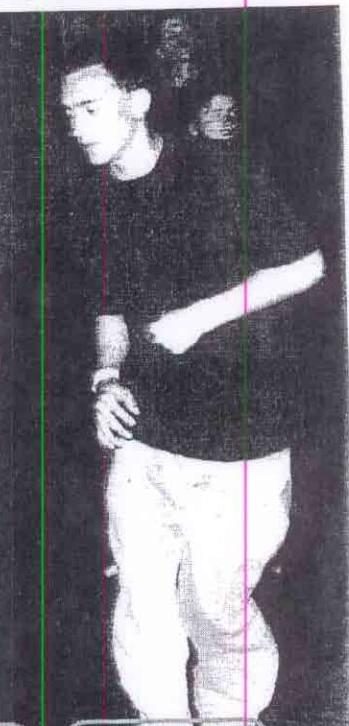
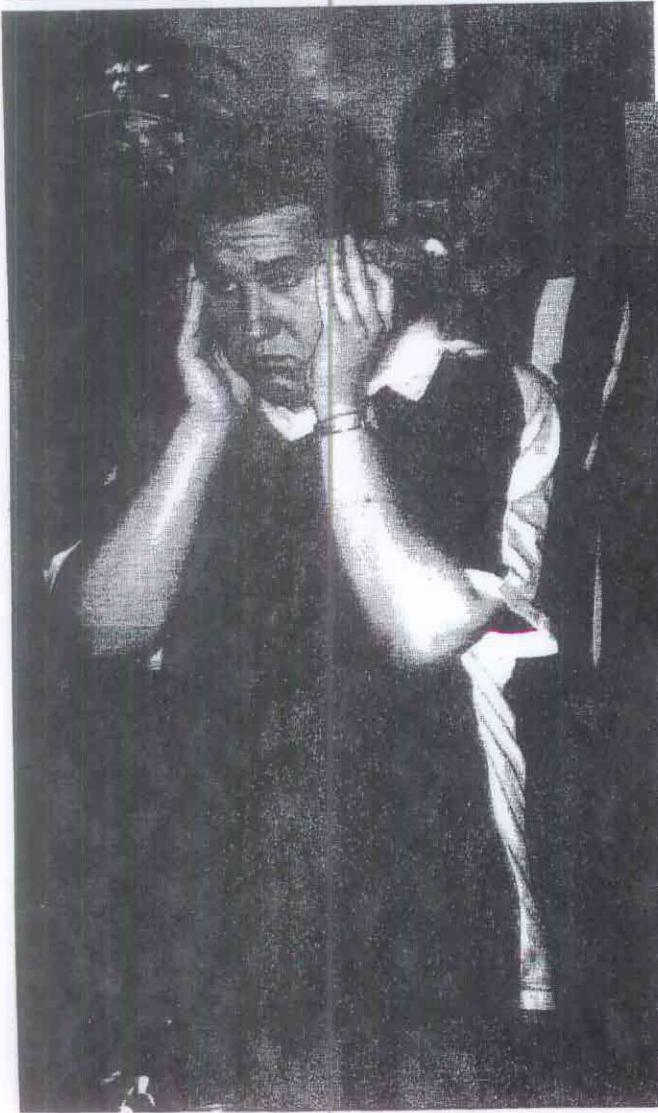
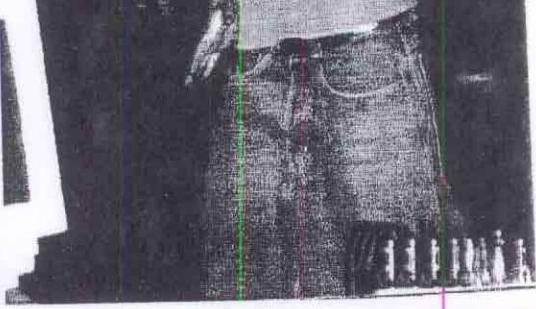
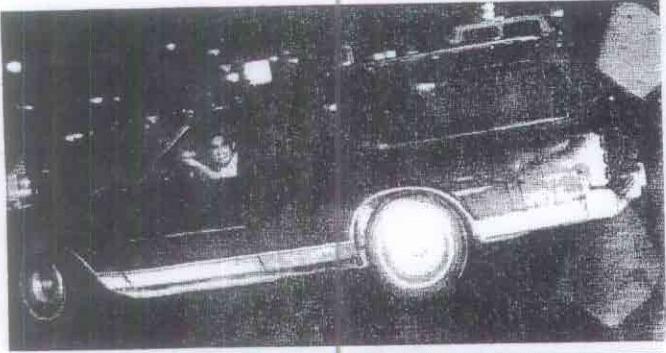
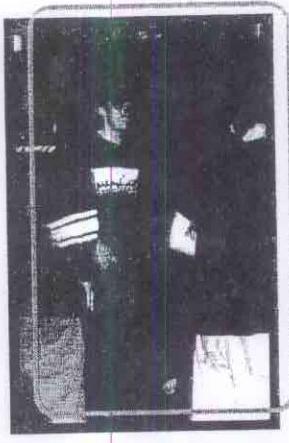
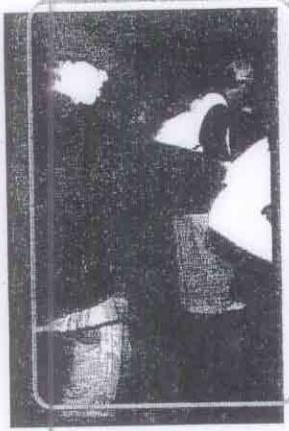
B: What's the meaning of "Brown by August?"

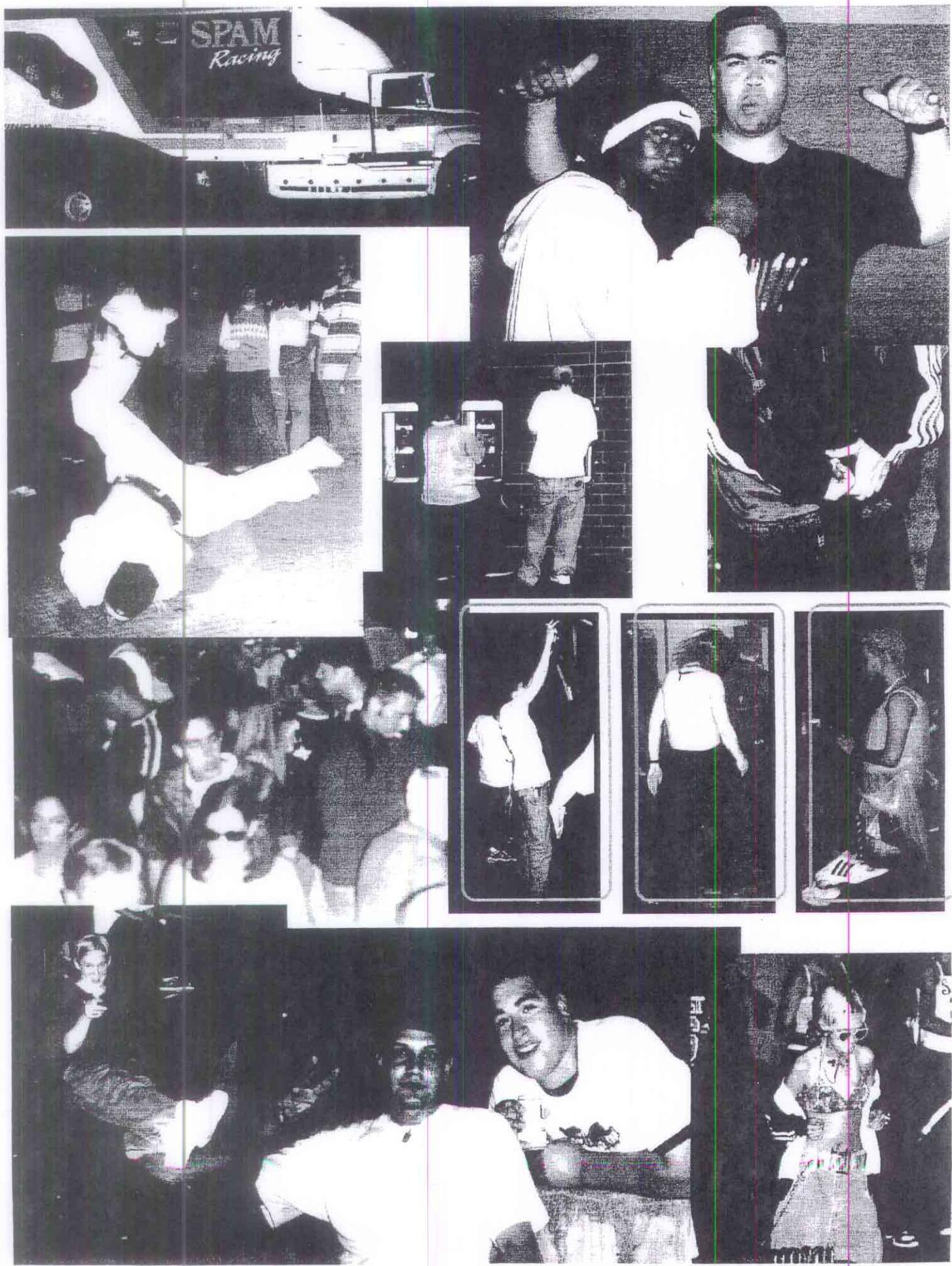
N: In Edinbrook there's basically been lots of heroin. And most people I know started smoking heroin. People started saying everyone would be smoking brown by August. I don't smoke heroin.

B: Do you think it's safe to smoke while sitting on a two-thousand pound propane tank?

N: Probably not!







PARTIES

We've been to several parties over the past few months, and as a favor to those who may have missed out, we write reviews. Our reviews are our opinions, we may not always have wonderful things to say, we're just being honest, and for the scene that we deal with, honesty is something that is needed. We may not always have the fullest reviews, because we are not hardcore, and arrive at every party when it opens, stay through till the afterhours, and to the party the next night. We have real lives, with real jobs. We don't do drugs all weekend so we won't miss anything. We see what we see, when we can see it. So with that in mind, read the reviews, and if you think we missed out on something, sorry. Just keep in mind for the next issue, that if you see something of importance, let us know so we can include it. We can't possibly be everywhere at once. We always welcome reviews from others. Thanks, and enjoy.



Twisted - April 20th 1996 (ATP Event)

I think it would be appropriate to start this article off with some events actually leading up to the party. Friday, April 19th, a natural disaster took place in our home town of Zion, a tornado. This was during the disaster of the decade, especially for this little town. Trees were uprooted, snapped in half, and roots were torn on. It was a mess. And it was very ironic, that the party we had been planning for months for Twisted would fall on the same eerie weekend as this very odd event. Twisted, the party, was originally Tornado, then Twister, over the past few years, so you can relate to our amazement. It was very odd to be going to a party that actually describes the state of your community. Wicked!

Oh well, enough of that. Nobody we know was hurt, so that's the main thing. Now Saturday April 20th was not just the big day of the party that we had all been anxiously waiting for, it was also the day for us to release issue number five of bEAN. We got a lot of support from everyone that night, we appreciate it so much. Thanks everyone! It was quite enjoyable, and I'm pretty sure we didn't piss too many people off, this time. Only time will tell...

Finally, the party, Twisted was held at the same space that Dee-Day 2 was at, the Dolton Soccer Arena, "Willy Roy's Soccer Arena."

We arrived early, to help set up, at about eight o'clock. Unfortunately, when we arrived, mostly everything was taken care of, so we left like doorknobs just hanging around. Oh well. Some folks got a head start on checking the bEANage.

Hyperactive started the night off correctly, with another exceptionally good set. He impressed the hell out of us at Access, the prior event, and only came through at Twisted even better. The speakers were breakin' and the people were freakin', well not literally. It was good.

Joey Beltram, from NYC was up next. He was really good, with the exception of "Pump It". But that was only a small part of the set, the majority was the shit, and now we see what the hype's about. He's pretty bad. (In the good sense of being bad of course.)

It was around the time for the next deep to spin, when the sound had to be turned down, due to neighborhood complaints. But believe me, the sound was still goin' on. My ears were almost bleeding, so it was a good thing, honestly.

Damon Wild, was next, and he did some crazy shit. His music is kind of different, like just crazy, I wouldn't say noisy, but just kind of busy. People were digging it though, so that's most important. He most certainly has an appropriate name for himself. He was cool.

Aw shit, up next we had Mike Dearborn. That dude beat the shit out of his set. It was the bomb! I've always thought of Dearborn, mainly as a producer, but shit, now I see why he stopped doing live P.A.'s, he don't need to cause he can spin bad ass. Dope, dope, triple dope. He was awesome.

And shit only got better from there, if you can believe it. Sven Vath, form Germany. The hype couldn't have given you a clue on this guy. Long mixes, each song lasted generally at least ten minutes. No wonder he can spin for fourteen hours straight and shit. He was like, "Two hours? That's it?" That was all we needed to give him the title of, "King of Twisted." He was stupendous! (I'm trying to further my vocabulary, bear with me.)

Up next, Dave Clarke from the UK. He spun some really good tracks, and scratched pretty dope, but he really didn't blend any of his records. It was just cutting and scratching. That's not bad or anything. It just goes to show, that other people have different styles. We're just spoiled with good long blenders, being in Chicago. I still thought Dave Clarke was dope, that was just something someone else had mentioned. Dave Clarke was cool as hell.

Finally, after much confusion, James Christian started shit up. Rumor all night was, that he wasn't showing, and that DJ Skull would be spinning instead. It didn't matter to me either way. But James Christian was there, so it was all good. He ended the night off well, right up to a little after six A.M. The owner was buggin' to get all of us out, so we were pretty much cleared out by six-thirty. Those tarps that ATP had laid down before the party, were basically used as pillows for sleepy partygoers, instead of protecting the floors from cigarette burns. Oops. I'm a non-smoker, so they can't blame me! There was a moon-bounce, the same castle looking one used at Twister. So that was there for your leisure. Refreshments were in abundance, but the bathroom's were not, unfortunately. We heard that the turnout was about 2,000. I'd say maybe a little less. But the only one arena was used this time, and it was twice as packed. They used the one to the right, as you walked in, the "Hardee Room," at Dee-Day 2. It was a large party, but the temperature on the dancefloor, was actually liveable. I mean, it was hot, but you could stand it. Many egos in full effect that night, but no fights that we heard about. So that's a plus. Over all, a really well spent evening, with nothing to really bitch about. Great job, ATP, can't wait 'till your next one!

Best Amateur Party

May 3- "Trust" Story by Chris the Deerstabber
(Fungus Among Us/ Aquinox)

This party was one that will always be remembered, due to the fact that a very sad, sad thing happened. And the promoters would like to apologize for the tragedy that occurred that evening:

"The space we had for the party was a two room loft, next to a store at 3100 West Lake Street. The party kicked off around 10:30 PM, and got jumping right away. People started dancing, and that's when the problem began.

The room that the sound was in, was on the second floor, of a very old building. When people began dancing, the floor began to flex, and bend downward. We didn't really think too much of it, and didn't even do anything to correct this problem. That decision proved to be a fatal mistake on our part.

Around 1:00 AM, the room was totally filled with happy, dancing people, and that's when it happened. The floor could no longer handle all of the weight, and the bouncing. It finally gave in, and collapsed! Two-hundred and fifty ravers fell to their doom. Not only were they killed, but the people chillin' out down below were crushed as well. A total of 326 fatalities occurred on our behalf. It was a horrible scene of bloody and mangled party kids, yelling and screaming for help, but nothing could be done.

We at Fungus Among Us, and Aquinox Productions, would like to greatly apologize for all of the deaths that occurred, and we offer our deepest condolences to those who had friends who died in this tragedy. We would also like to say...that whoever believes what they just read has the intelligence of a brick. (A very small one at that.)

Now the real stuff. Trust was about as underground as it gets. We wanted to bring back and "old school" party for all the people who forgot what it was all about. The space was dirty, and as ghetto as possible. We did hear a lot of complaint about the location, since it was about four blocks away from some projects, but what can we say? If you want a real party, and not a bullshit roller rink, or Expo Center, you do whatcha gotta do.

- The party kicked off around 10:30, when Respond hit the decks kicking some serious deep house, a very impressive set. Sorry about the short spot Jim, we'll get ya back next time.

- Up next was Danny the Wildchild, who played some wicked jungle, and the scratching was amazing.

- After that, 151 Deep spun, and kept people moving. Then it was time for Jevon "Late" Jackson to take the wheels. After he apologized for being so late, and informing us that Shelter had free drinks, he proceeded to spin one of the sickest, most mental sets, that I've ever heard. The buds were flaming, the vibe was thick, and the party reached a level of energy that I hadn't seen in Chicago, in a long time.

- Next up, Mystic Bill, who decided to mellow out a bit after Jevon's killer set. The tempo may have gone down a bit, but the energy in the room stayed extremely high.

- Then it was time for the old school house addict, Corey Love. He threw down some good ass, Detroit sounding house. He kept people going throughout his whole set. It was all good.

- Needles was supposed to be up next, but he got a ride with a little pussy, who wouldn't park his car outside, and left, so we were without a DJ. Luckily Brian from Aquinox, (AKA) B.C., brought his records, so he hopped on for awhile. This was his very first DJ appearance ever at a party. Even though he was as nervous as a little girl losing her virginity, he still threw down a killer set of breaks, topped off by the Rabbit in the Moon remix of Sarah McLachlan's, "Possession." We were all very proud of Brian's set, and we hope that Chicago promoters book him in the future.

- Justin Long spun next, and we were all expecting a hard set, but he surprised us with a very nice, upbeat, house set instead. Very nice.

- Halo was supposed to be next, but he did not show. Traxx came up to us and commended us on our party, and asked us if he could spin. We really appreciated him asking, so we lit up five joints and some brother yelled, "Pass the reff!" And his set began. Let me say this, it was amazing. Music like that hasn't been heard in a long time, major props to Mel.

- Dave Gandy was supposed to spin, but instead, thanks to Chris and Todd for going to Shelter, they got Mark Farina to spin for us! Mark ended the evening perfectly with a really deep, deep, set of laid back house, and the sun came up and there was still a small crowd of very happy people. We want to thank Mark very much for that.

- Dave Gandy was again, going to spin, but the sound guys passed out on us at 6:00 AM, and the party ended. Thanks for showing up anyway, Dave, sorry that you didn't spin.

- Overall, the night surpassed even our high expectations. We thank you all for your support. Major props and respect to all the deejays for coming out and spinning for free. Thanks to Chris Larsen, and Silent Cooperative for inspiration. And much respect to old Trust. Thanks to all friends, old and new. Remember, we did not create trust, trust created us. Watch for us in the future."

- Chris the Deerstabber from Aquinox, with help from Jeremy from Fungus Among Us



Corey Love

Brian Gardner



Juice is an ongoing event held every other Friday night, for ten bucks or less, thrown by Core Innovations, with help from Terry Mullan's Catalyst Recording. It all started back on June 7th, at the space where the club "Gotham" had been at. Opening night was quite a success. Resident Terry Mullan was there, as was Micro, Nigel Richards, and John Aquiviva. A really good line up, and a really packed space. Honestly, I didn't care for the way the deejay was set up. They used the booth that was there, so you couldn't get into the action. That kind of made it difficult for us photographers. And the place was really packed. There were several areas to chill out in, which was cool, but they too were packed to capacity and then some.

Juice #2 on June 21st, was even more packed, so I was told. Another good line up, with Terry Mullan, Onionz, Efex, and Feelgood. Apparently, space outside was open for use this time too, and the place was even more packed than Juice #1. It was definitely a success. However, we hear there was discrepancies between the money given to the promoters and the actual attendance.

So, a new space was chosen for Juice #3 on July 5th. This time, it would be at 2247 West Chicago, AKA the "Cupid" space, and also the "Thunderground" space. It's now the Juice space, and hopefully will remain that way. Ticket prices remained at ten bucks, it started a little later, but free water, fifty cents for a pop, and a quarter for some popcorn if ya got the munchies. No other outrageous vendors were around, which was cool. Plenty of seats and tables for chillin'. And good sized bathrooms. Juice #3 was a little on the unprepared side, which was expected due to the relocating problem. I guess the main lighting crew never showed, but a whole lot of candles were lit, which was a nice effect. And the sound was perfect, not too loud, but loud enough, trust me. Even without much time to prepare, Core can pull shit off nicely.

The talent for the night consisted of Davey Dave, Mike Dearborn, Frankie Bones, Davey Dave again, and then Paul Johnson. I guess Terry Mullan had previous engagements, so Davey Dave filled in for him, which was cool. He did a pretty good job. Mike Dearborn was exceptional. And Frankie Bones did pretty good, considering one of the needles got fucked up. That really seemed to bring his whole set down, but it was pretty good considering. Davey Dave relieved Frankie after a two hour set. Just when I started to wonder about Paul Johnson, he came through the door. From the point on, the night rocked!!! He always has a way to make the shit go off. The dude is bad ass. Major props to Paul. He made us all move.

Look for more Juices in the following weeks throughout the rest of the summer. Josh Wink, Dj Dan, Derrick Carter, and Laurent Garnier will be some of the talent not to be missed, so go check it out. For more info call: (312) 509-5195.

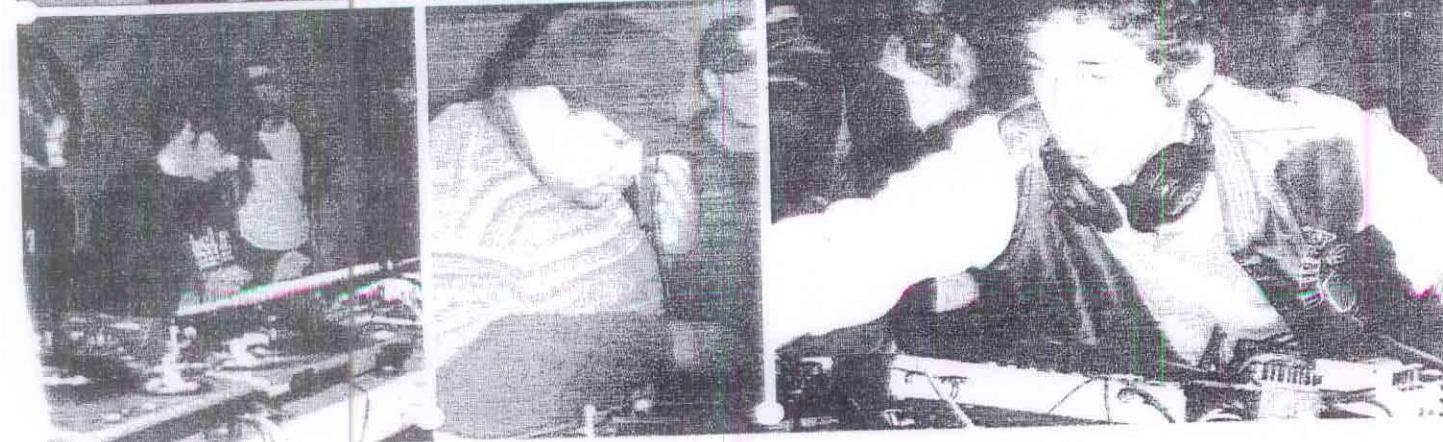
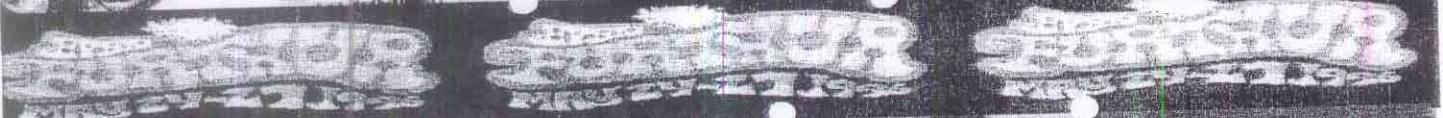


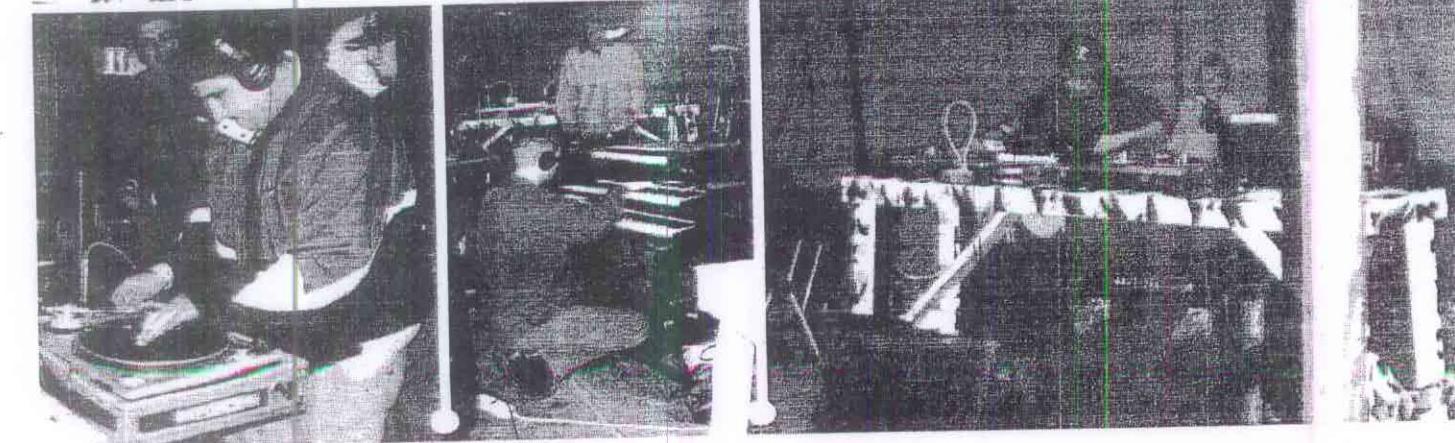
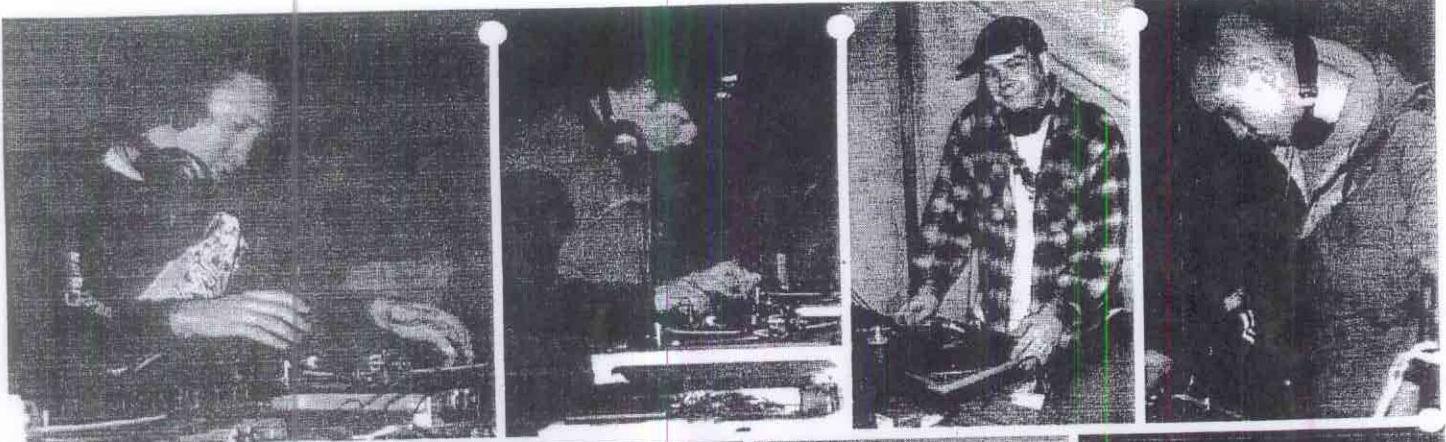


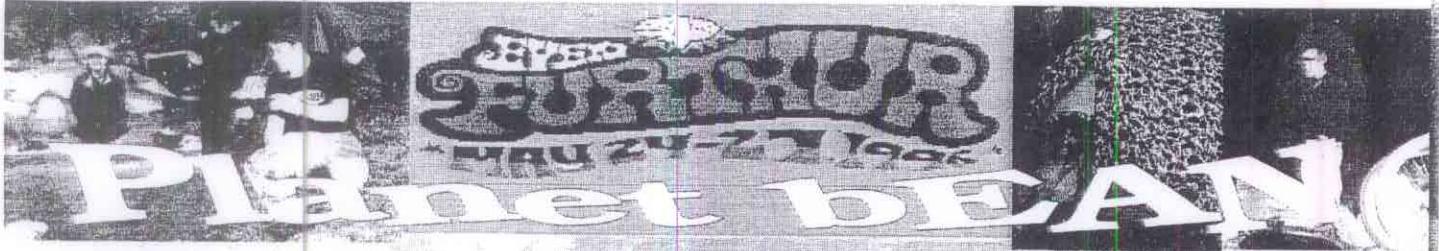
Furthur lifted our spirits, some of us even witnessed "GOD."



Rain, mud,
drugs,
tents, funk,
but most
importantly
MUSIC!!!







Friday, May 24th

We headed up to Eagle Cave at about two o'clock in the afternoon. It was rainy and dreary all over lake County, which only worried us more about the weather we'd be experiencing over the next few days.

Between resting a few times, and then trying to find Nick Nice's record store in Madison, called Seventh Dimension, we didn't make all that good of time. Nick's store is pretty cool though, he has a shit load of old Star Wars and G.I. Joe figures, aside from a good selection of vinyl, that's also available on mail order. Check it out first hand or give him a call.

Once we got through some construction going on in Madison, we were back on the highway and to the camp site in about an hour or so. The scenery just miles before Eagle Cave was perfectly gorgeous as we drove alongside the Wisconsin River. At that point, the sun was out a little bit, and we realized, "Hey, it's not raining here!"

As we turned onto the road leading up to the campsite, we were in awe. There were like farmlands all around, but a big patch of trees like up on a hill. That's right where the signs lead us to. I know some folks had a hell of a time getting up some of those hills, I mean the vert on that shit was insane. Once, at the top of the first hill, we turned in our tickets, and were greeted by the ever famous Chris 26, with some garbage bags. Cool, we were finally there, it was around seven in the evening.

Since we had tents to set up, we were guided down to the main site. People who were planning to sleep in their cars, or wanted their cars by their tents, had to park up on this other hill, away from the main attractions. We went on down to the main area, dumped off our shit and began building "Planet bEAN." We were up on this hill, and not having much camping experience, we didn't realize that setting up on a slanted ass hill would cause a sliding problem when trying to sleep. Oh well, at least we had a good sized area. We were basically in the middle of everything, at least so it seemed. The main tent was down the hill to the left a little, the Drop Bass tent was down to the right, the Free Bass tent was directly down and ahead, and the Massive, and Jungle Love tents were to the far right. Chicago fools like Dan Efex and his crew, and the Jungle bunnies along with Tony from Sense, and the Mushgroove posse, were all up to the right of us, so we felt at home.

We were done setting up in about an hour, the Drop Bass tent had some tunes flowing, so we weren't there too early, pretty much just in time. Basically the whole first night, we spent looking for other bEANers, and cooking some grub. The place was slowly filling up, and it was starting to look like a party. Around midnight or so we found some of the fools in our clan, and moved them up by us so we could just combine our shit. We all gathered firewood, ate, and decided to get trashed off of some Gin and Juice. We concluded that our section and everyone nearby were in the ghetto section of the campground. The Gin and Juice tipped that off, but there weren't like any rich kids with nice ass trailers or anything around, just weak ass tents like ours. It was all good.

We finally went wandering around to check out the environment and shit, and the place was pretty full. Unfortunately for us Martin was full too, of gin. He was walking around talking some shit about, "Pussy for sale". He was the fucking shit, that is until he drank that last one. About five minutes after the consumption, the laughter stopped and the hurling began. He ended up face down for the next few hours. (See photo)

Once the barf started flying, so did I, straight down to the Drop Bass tent, where Danny the Wildchild was going off! He's so fucking dope. He literally had that tent screamin'. It was the shit. It was raining at this point, so the ground was moistening up, and as you walked, you sort of sunk. I started wondering about my better half puking in the rain, so I left the tent shortly before Danny was done.

Sure enough, Martin was laying in a puddle when I returned. He didn't wanna get up. So I said fuck it, and went to bed around Four A.M. Martin finally got his shit together and got in bed at about Five-thirty, and I could hear Mullan going off on the wax in the Drop Bass tent. Oh well, we needed some sleep. He did good from the sound of the audience.

Saturday, May 25th

I managed to somehow fall asleep during Mullan's set. I was pretty tired. But even as tired as I was, I awoke to an unsettling voice over the mic coming from the Drop bass tent. It went a little somethin' like this. "Your cars are parked, in an asinine manner, they must be moved or they will be towed at the owners' expense...some dumb ass is blocking the road and is a threat to all of us...if there were an emergency, we'd all be stuck...the towing company is like 60 miles away, and it will cost some \$500+ to get your car back once it's towed...all cars on the road, or even on the grass next to the road will be towed at the owners' expense...your cars are parked in an asinine manner..." This message repeated itself several times over several hours, causing me to get a migraine several times the size of a normal one. I think it started at about 5:30 in the morning, and lasted at least until eleven, maybe even noon. needless to say, I didn't get much sleep, nor did anyone else.

The mood for the day was basically set. We finally got up, cooked up some grub, and checked our car to make sure it wasn't asinine. Up to the top of the very big ass hill...it was good, but we moved it a little closer to prevent the long journeys later.

Rain, rain, and some more rain. It was getting mighty slick in some parts of the campsite. Basically it was a mud hell on earth. We now know sorta what went down at Woodstock, I guess. Whack.

All day we basically spent looking for fools from Chicago. We ran into the Hot Jams posse, (Brian, Ben, Frankie and the Mushgroove crew) and Tony from Sense. We watched a bunch of people spin in the smaller tents, along with some fools in the DBN tent. Dr Groo went off in there, and it was the shit, as usual. After him we caught Drew Young, who was equally good with the live shiznit. If you could handle sinking in the mud, you were straight, otherwise...

We didn't do a whole heluvalot on Saturday. We were just bumping around into folks, saying what's up, and taking some shots (pictures). By dusk, we were about ready to call it quits though. We were so frustrated with the mud situation. It was really outta control. I could not understand how people could get past being so God blessed filthy. I mean, it was so nasty. And like, there were showers, right? But they were so full of mud, and the rain kept falling, it was just so pointless. We hung out long enough to watch Davey Dave spin in the main tent. But the tent was so packed, that we couldn't take any pictures. Now I was frustrated, and just pissed. So, we saw an opening to the area in back, by the tables, and we went in there, took some pictures and chilled for a minute. Not even long enough to get comfortable though. We, along with several others, were asked to leave the area, unless we had a special arm band... (LAMENTATES???) Ughhhh...that was a breaking point for me. Okay, the flier made it sound like there weren't going to be any of the "I'm special, who the fuck are you" kinds of attitudes going on, cause it said, "Even for those of you who think you won't have to pay will pay." That just means you'll pay the same but will still get treated better. I was under the impression that we weren't going to accomplish anything at this point, and almost felt regretful for even showing up. Nobody ever said anything about needing special shit to get anywhere. The part that pissed me off the most was the fact that the person who "kicked" us out, knows our intentions, and still didn't even bother to help us out, just basically told us to fuck off, cause we aint nobody.

It was still raining pretty bad at that point, and it was so fucking cold, that my ass was numb. Martin was feeling pretty shitty himself, so we said, "We can't leave, so fuck it, let's go take a nap, and try to keep warm." I was so disappointed at that point, that I said "Fine, fuck it."

As we laid in our cold ass tent, we heard Phantom 45 do a magnificent job, but were still sad at the thought of our situation. You know, doing a zine is pretty rough, and being beginners in the whole thing is mighty frustrating. We will not hold nuts to cover an event. We feel we're doing promoters a favor when we review an event. That way those who didn't go can get an idea of what went on, and those who were there, will remember. We don't wanna be treated special, just let us take some pictures, and we'll be on our way. That's all we can ask for...

Your cars are parked...

Sunday, May 26th

It was just past midnight, when we got up and said, "Fuck it, we're not going to sleep, so let's get up again!" It wasn't raining anymore, so we changed, and gave in to the inevitable. We were miserable, and could no longer take the party being sober any longer. So we did what everyone else was doing, we took some fucking E. What else could possibly happen? At least we figured, we'd have to have a little bit of fun, we'd have to. And it had been so long... fuck it, we couldn't think of a reason not to. We stopped, dropped, and rolled. Hooked up with some balloons, and did shit the old fashioned way, not the right way, but the easy way. We copped out and got fucked up.

After feeling a bit higher on life, we headed down to the tent. It was still packed like sardines. It was packed outside of the tent. Fuck... we tried going back to the deejay area, and decided to take the risk of being told to leave again, what did we have to loose? Actually, Woody McBride was doing his live PA, and it was the shit!!! I think those involved in the kicking people out posse, were too much into his set, that they stopped harassing everyone. Whoo-hoo! We were outta control. The music was phat, and even though we were slightly altered, it was all good. Woody was dope.

After all that, we were then turned on to none other than Daft Punk. You know, the last song on Mullan's New School fusion 2 tape... "Meow, meow meow meow meow, meow meow meow meow, meow meow meow, meow meow meow, meow meow, meow". You know. It was them, and they started out with that. (Da funk) Don't get me wrong, please. They did a really good job. It was pretty cheesy to start out with that kind of, but the crowd ate it up. It was an easy way to be recognized, they did thier "Rollin' and Scratchin'" deal too, that was good. Overall, they were good. They looked really crazy looking, not that that's bad, they seemed cool. It was cool, I'm gald I got to check 'em out, it was groovin'!

I was starting to think that I ate some bunk shit, cause I wasn't really feeling all that much, I just felt like I was having a normally good time, which was fine, I was just kind of mad at myself for thinking that I really neede drugs to make a good time out of some crap. Oh well, I forgot about it, and kept dancing.

Once Daft Punk was done, I was like, cool, now what? I had no idea of what was about to happen. This was my first Furthur, call me a stroke or whatever, but I have my reasons, ANYHOW. I had heard about Frankie Bones from several people, severl times about several different parties. Everyone said he was the bomb. I had no idea. That dude has got to be my personal favorite performer. Holy fucking shit!!! It's hard to explain. I mean, I really don't think it was the E kicking in, but I was feeling really good at that point. Anyhow, I was watching, and listening. I wasn't fucked up, he was bad ass!!! It was like, ol' dude created 1200's and he worked them mutha fuckas!!! He was making shit with other records, creating new shit, to fit what he was spinning. I mean, you see people do that sometimes, and it's always cool, but Frankie was the shit. He started out slow, and took that shit to gabber! I couldn't believe my ears. He scratched too. I'm not sure why he hasn't been booked in Chicago lately, but I'm sure all the promoters out there will have him come out after seeing just how awesome he is. He was the total shit. I wish more deejays could put on a show like that. He was fucking supreme bad ass. I don't think I could put it any other way.

I had definitely reached a peak at that point. Whoa, he was good. Laura Grabb was next with a live gabber PA. It was somewhat short, but them hardheads ate it up. It was pretty obvious that we were in Gabber territory, but that's cool. After that, Deadly Buddah was up, he was really good with some hard west coast shit, occasionally on the jungle tip, and then Kikoman with some nice ass house, who took us into the daylight, he was realy good also. Man...what a night. Within minutes, we headed up to the tent, through the totally mud infested campgrounds, the place was totally trashed. We hit the tent and were asleep in no time flat, especially with the helpful sounds of Mixmaster Morris- nice, slow ass ambience. A perfect ending to that excursion...

Later that day...

After getting a good ten+ hours of sleep, we were ready for more! The TWO-SIX hooked us up the previous night, and we weren't sure what we should do. The decision came to us once we realized, "Fuck, we're dirty, we stink, and everything's trashed." So after running around all day with what energy we did have, we popped the shit. Woah. All I can say is, that I'm greatful that I didn't get tired. I really didn't want to miss anything, and I don't think I did.

We passed out a shit load of bEAN fliers, stickers, matches, and even some older zines, met some kids, ate some grub, and went down to the main tent for some more music, after the kick ass fireworks of course.. The cave did not go off due to the fact that allegedly some fools got drunk and fucked the shit up. I'm not really all that sure about that, but that's the rumor.

Basically, the shit started winding down. We saw Nick Nice, Woody McBride, and boo Williams all spin. They were all good, sorry I'm not getting into detail, it was pretty cloudy for me at that point. I do recall having a conversation with Drew Yound during Auto Kinetic's live PA, and also during the beginning of Drone's set. What that conversation consisted of, well, I really can't say, but it was very humorous nonetheless. I really couldn't handle too much more after that, the music wasn't doing anything for me, not that the music was bad, I just needed to wander around aimlessly in the wilderness, that's all...so I did...

Monday, May 27

Pretty much, I explored, what? I'm still not sure, but I went back to the campsite, where Martin was still fueling the fire, but not with wood. Anything, and everything but wood. He and the Kid maneged to burn everything we'd didn't eat. (Or drink) Gin (very good flaming material), lettuce, tomatoes, biscuits-the ones in a can (Pop! pop! pop!), bread, you name it. The stench was horrific. It was one that could be smelled for yards. Ricky got bored and started playing frisbee with some tortillas, and I got bored enough to start packing shit up. Furthur was coming to an all out haul. The shit was basically over, and we were fried, along with the campfire jumbolia. We were packed up, said our goodbye's, and on the road by noontime. It was a blast. And I just wanna say, that we don't condone the use of drugs or anything, but after being so funky, and so irritated, that I really don't think I would have survived Furthur without a little kick in the ass. I just couldn't see being straight in the conditions we were succumbed to. Oh well. It was cool.

Oh yeah, I would like to mention one last thing. Those of you too cool to camp, who got a hotel, and took showers every day, I just wanna say...you may have went to Furthur, but you did not experience it. Even though I was miserable for some of the time I spent there, the time that I had fun would have never even happened if I wasn't forced to make the best of it. And the fun that I had, will be something that I will always remember.

Fucked up shit that happened...

*Guy wiggled out next to us on some crazy Kentucky E
*Guy wiggled out in upper campsite, and busted some windows, and claimed he was God.

*Allegedly some people were raped.(???)

*Some people were acting as though they were part of some elite guest list.

*The cave was never used.

*Adam Dyer-the winner of our Wax/Traxx contest punked out on working with us, but gladly took the free trip to Furthur.

*Parking was done in an asinine manner.

*Mud

*Hill

*Overflowing pot-a-potties

Once you got passed this shit, you were good to go

...In an asinine manner...

The "Further Famous Foto" Further here...



Woody may seem very annoyed in his position but he's really having the time of his life.

It's really hard to put our experience at this event into words, but hopefully after viewing the past few pages, you got an idea, even if you did wimp out, about some of the shit that happened at Further. It really was the shit. And I cannot wait until next year. Some advise, bring lots of clothes to change into. Cause even if you don't get a chance to shower, at least you'll feel a little bit more sanitary. And plus, if the rain trend continues, you won't wanna sit in the freezing cold with wet clothes on all weekend. Bring clean water for drinking and washing up. Don't count on running water. Don't set camp up on any kind of verted plain, flatter is better. And the higher you go up on a hill, the faster you will slide down, keep this in mind when setting up camp as well. Get firewood before it rains, or before you arrive, if possible. And bring as many tents as possible, heck build a city of tents, some folks did, and they stayed drier. Most of all, if you go next year, go in good spirits. It really does take a lot of patience and courage to endure Further in the weather conditions, but remember, even though it seemed like Hell when you were there, you won't wanna be anywhere else once you leave. Further was the bomb. Thanks to Drop Bass, Communique, and David Prince. You guys know how to throw down, until next year...Peace.



It's the Core Boy everyone knows and loves...

Chris 26

We've met several times with this fine fellow, and we did try to do an actual interview, now I'm not sure, but I don't think we accomplished what we had expected. Oh well! This is what we did get from him:

Obviously, the name Chris 26 in itself carries a few questions, like what the hell does it mean? He told us a little story that goes a little something like this! He was once in possession of 26 small pieces of paper some time ago, and the Authorities had arrived to the crib so he panicked, went into the bathroom, and instead of flushing all that shit, he ate it, and tripped for several days. Good enough! The name fits perfectly, actually. He told us once that he was actually planning to change his name literally to Chris Tusics, or something similar. That would be the total shit. Chris is cool, but pretty insane.

Chris has been involved with the ever popular Core Innovations for the past few years. He told us that Wade and the guys formed like a sorta "clique" back in the day, and the guys started throwing parties. He met them at one of their parties and they hit it off! So that's the history of it from the Two-Sex.

Chris has lived in many places, but is originally from St. Louis, Missouri. He's lived also in Madison, Wisconsin, and currently lives in Chicago in the wonderful neighborhood of Humboldt Park, with the whole Core Crew. He and his woman, Hillary, share the top level of the Core Mansion with fellow Core Companion, "Hell No and Shit Bro" himself, Kane.

Basically that's all the goos we got from him. He's quite an animated person though, actually quite funny. He works part time at a Deli in the city right now, which beats the hell out of his previous job of waiting tables. He didn't care for that too much I guess. Otherwise, that's about it. He's known by a shit load of people at parties and has been in our wonderful scene for quite awhile. He mentioned before that he was in the punk scene, but that shit, as we know it also, is fucking harsh. The RAVI scene is much better. It's a good place for Chris to do his thang, most of you know what that is.



Talk to ya!



How very appropriate.

More

PARTIES

April 27- "Thunderground" (Core Innovations)

This party took place in a somewhat familiar space, the space that ATP used for "Cupid" past February. So it was slightly on the west side, on Chicago and Oakley.

Basically, the room was set up with the sound facing the same way, but there was just more of it, a whole lot more. The shit was loud, okay? We heard Mike Wade, Adeptus and Kee, who all did really good, actually, there just weren't a whole lot of people there to enjoy it. It was like totally opposite to the previous party there. I'm not sure, but I know that there was that "Stayin' Alive" party that night too, and I think another one, so everyone was all spread out for the most part. And with all the fighting that went on a few weeks prior, some people may have even chose to take a break.

Between meeting up with a few fools, and trying to talk a little, even though you couldn't hear shit, we either took pictures, danced or just chilled out. It was really kind of laid back, though some kids were dancing the whole time. Jon Williams started his set, and we caught about the first half hour, but we wussed out, and decided to call it a night. A potentially happening party, but due to the lack of support, it kind of lost the edge. We'll hope to see more support ou there with "Juice."

AQUABOGIE MAY 4

This party took us back to the Photon Arena in Dolton, but this time, both rooms were open, and it was the total shit!

Personally, I like the Photon space. I mean, there's plenty of stuff to keep you occupied, it's cool. The main room for this particular night, was the room to the right. The room to the left had the Magic Lantern dudes from Minneapolis, doing that wicked light show, 60's style. We wanted to do an interview with them, but I think they were a little too far out there, I don't think they understood. Oh well.

Halo did really well, probably the best I've seen yet. Felix was really good. Paul Johnson... always the shit. As for any of the others, we really didn't get a chance to really check them out. The place was pretty packed. We did a lot of socializing at this one, so I honestly can't say everyone rocked. Cause I really don't know. I'm sure they probably did though. Those we missed were Larry Tee, Dante, Needles, Mystic Bill, and Glenn Underground. We caught part of Hipp-e's set, Who started off really well but we didn't stick around for all of it. We were told later that Mark Farina didn't spin. If I remember correctly, we did leave a little early that night, due to our crazy work schedule, so that's why we missed out on so much. But from what we did witness, it was definitely a "Boogie" atmosphere. It was a pretty good time, for those of you who missed it.

May 10- "Boom"

We arrived at this one a little late, due to the fact that we bust ass 40+ hours a week, and we have to make some kind of money for a real living, cause this zine doesn't pay us shit... Anyhow, we got there, to Route 66, at about two in the morning. Detroit's T-1000 was on the tables. They had everything set up in the front room, where you first walk in. I guess it was supposed to be in the other room, but something happened at the last minute, but anyways. T-1000 was pretty good, he seemed a little on the cocky side, but we didn't actually talk to him. There was a pretty good turnout for a Friday party, about 500 kids. I guess some kids went to this loft party on Michigan Ave, so that could explain where some folks were.

There were kids roller skating in the other room, and a whole lot of lounging going on everywhere. No fights this time.

New York's On-E came on around four. He was bad ass when it came to scratching. I mean this dude would scratch, and just kept scratching, and scratching, and...he was good. Most of the kids were into him totally. I thought he was really good. He played until like six, we cut out just shortly before then. A really short night for us, but it was well worth the trip.

May 18th- "Outburst"

(Mushgroove/Incredibeets/Sense)

This party was held out in Harvey in everyone's new favorite space. You know, the one that was some kind of school at one time or another, but now transformed into some kind of banquet hall, with the big old court yard. Cavalini's, or something like that.

Anyhow, the party was set up in this main area, down this hall, and also in the actual banquet hall itself. The banquet hall was where all the locals were, which was pretty cool. Halo, Jeff Startlight, Phantom 45, along with many others. It was groovin' up in there.

The main area held the likes of Maddgroove, Sleepy C, Terry Mullan, Neil Landstrumm, NRG Boy, and Dan Curtain. Sleepy C Steve spun, and did a live PA as well. I thought he was really good. But who most seemed to dig, as well as myself, was Neil Lanstrumm, from Scotland. His live PA was the bomb.

JUNE 15th- "Gentile"

Vibeonauts took us out to Harvey, out on a ranch for this one. And it was outdoors, underneath the stars and shit. The deejay was up on this lookout type deal, with the sound down to the left. A really nice set up, too bad the sound was kinda tame. But that didn't hinder most kids from dancing, I guess they just had to fight for the right to hear. Not really, it wasn't that quiet. Overall, the party went pretty good, especially for \$15.

Halo, Dieselboy, Mindrive, Hardsequencer, DRC, and Trevor Lamont all did really good. I really dug Trevor in the early morning, he's really good. He got people shaking their butts and getting silly. It was a good time. Acetate must have spun first, cause we never saw him.

Oh well. We spent most of the night trying to wreak havoc I guess. There was a really good turnout, a lot of them older cats out there. You could like go up on the bleachers directly in front of the dancers, and like make faces at them, or whatever. The bleachers were pretty weak though, literally, cause we saw several people fall and bust through 'em. That was a little bit entertaining I guess. So was Hardsequencer. He spun some crazy old school shit... "You spin me 'round 'round baby 'round 'round, like a record baby, 'round 'round 'round 'round." Damn, that was crazy. He also spun that "Cum sucking, tit tweaking, mutha fucking...useless man." That was cool. For the most part Hardsequencer and Trevor are the only ones who did anything for me, like personally. I was looking forward to Dieselboy, but I like crazy jungle, his stuff was kinda on the tame side. Not that it was bad, it was groovin'. I guess I'm just spoiled by all the wicked junglists here in town. Oh well.

Really, a descent party for those who missed. Nice job with both Aquaboogie and Gentile, Vibeonauts! See you next time.

June 22nd- "Tranceduction"

The outcome of this one, was quite unexpected, at least to us. We just happened to drive by Route 66, and saw some familiar cars parked outside, so we stopped on in. The beginnings of Tranceduction were what we saw. Apparently, the party was shut down at the main spot at a health club, due to an insurance problem, so they had to use Route 66 as the backup. The promoters seemed unsettled quite a bit, but they pulled themselves together rather quickly.

Anyhow, the party was done by the Alien Internet, and Big Red Button Productions, kids who have been in the scene as partygoers for quite some time. With that, you can bet that many folks did come to show support for this one. Red and E.T. did their thing. As did Mike Wade, Drew Young, Dan DC, Mindrive, and Generation E. The set up was primarily in the first room, as you come in. All talent performed really well, and it turned out to be a really descent night. There were free popcicles too, those ones in the plastic, so that was cool. And the Massive Crew came out to show some support too, that was quite entertaining. All in all, a really good night, to dance, wreak havok, and socialize. After a rough start, the night was a success. Some people still know how to have a good time, affordably.

June 29th- "Moonflower" (Vibe Alive)

We didn't actually go to this shindig, but we called the voicemail, cause we heard it got busted. The message on the voicemail went a little something like this... Basically some kids came to the party, and snuck out into the nearby town of Yorkville, tried to buy some alcohol, and they were underage. So I guess the police got involved for some reason, and asked the kids where they were from. They told 'em that they were at the party. So, even though the whole town knew about the party, the cops went in to investigate. I guess they found some nitrous, and open liquor everywhere. They came to the conclusion that it was just one big drug fest. So they called in the Big Dogs...firearms, helicopters...you name it I guess. They party was over sometime during the early evening, like seven or eight. There was a back up space planned in case of a bust, which was at Gotham Night Club, which I heard went off well. And from there people went to Route 66. Vibe Alive said that if you never did make it to any of the spaces, and have your full ticket, that you're more than welcome to use it for the next Vibe Alive event, which is Voo-Doo on July 27th.

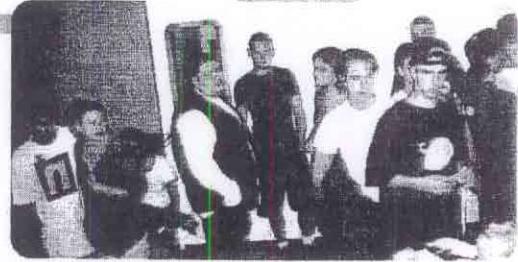
July 13th- "Genesis"

(Uptempo Dance- AKA DJ 3D)

This party was held at the Globe Bowling Alley down in the area of 51st and Aberdeen. The parking was overflowed when we arrived after midnight, and we noticed some thugs breaking into a Blazer. Not too good of a welcome for us I guess. But a squad car arrived to patrol the area, so we were a little at ease then.

The two areas were downstairs, set up somewhat like "Deep." Both rooms were equally full of talent. There was plenty of Jungle going on, a little in each of the rooms, along with some house, trance, and good ol' acid. We witnessed the likes of Casper, who spun some really fresh drum and bass, Mark Almaria spun some extremely danceable housy goods, Some dude Karl Meier, I think, had the CD mixing action going on, but it kept going off constantly. I felt sorry for him, the shit was skipping all over the place, on several occasions. The music he was playing wasn't bad, if it just would have been on. A jungle duo from Cincinnati tore shit up in the main room. Jungle was the shit all night, and many were there to show their support. That was really good. Then Frankie Vega threw down, and did really well, from what we caught of it. We managed to catch most of 3D, the host of the night's set, which was really good, and then we headed home by almost five. Living on the severely northern side leaves us in the predicament of getting an early start on the drive home so we don't fall asleep unfortunately. But the night was good, we had a good time. A very versatile evening, if there was some gabber, I might have thought I was at a mini Furthur or something with the wide selection of music. Good job Uptempo Dance, keep the shit real, and the support will always be there.

*Spectators look
in awe at the
303.3 "rave
casualty."*



July 20th- "303.3"

(Mushgroove/Incredibeets)

From the eyes of the Almighty bEAN:

Photon? I thought it was gonna be at the South Expo? Oh well, it still might be alright. I really wanna see Phuture and Armando. Twenty bucks for Photon? Oh cool, thanks Richie, at least you appreciate our intentions.

Who the hell's spinning Spastik? Oh, it's Acetate. Who the hell's spinning the ghetto shit? Oh it's still Acetate. (Two hours later, I guess one might run outta records after some point. He did pretty well considering.)

Okay, okay, I'm just trying to cool off for a minute. I'll get out of the lobby. Geez, you don't gotta push. Do ya fell a little more masculine with that Mag-lite or what? shit. Hyperactive's on anyhow, I'll go beat the heat again. Hyperactive, damn, what a good set. It's still hot as hell, I'm gonna go walk around.

When's the second room opening up? Oh, it's not now. Okay, okay, I won't go back there. I'll go back downstairs. Hey what are those lights? Cops?!? Could Photon be a bust? Naa. What's this? An ambulance? A stretcher? RAVE CASUALTY!!! Damn, that dude looks fucked up!!! Oh, I hear some wicked acid. Maybe it's Phuture.

Well...it's DJ Skull, where the hell is Roy Davis...and the equipment? Records. Oh, well, DJ Skull still can rock that shit. That's still cool. Well, I'll chill out up here for awhile. It's not too hot up here yet. What?!? Huh?!? Alright Maddhouse we'll leave the area, no we're not deejays, BUT WE DO SUPPORT THIS FUCKING SCENE WITHOUT BEING ARROGANT FUCKHEADS!!! Thanks for trying Ben. So what if we take pictures of every fucking event we go to, and give reviews, and try to point out the better things that happen at parties. I guess this will be an exception. It's okay. We can't see through all the fucking fog to take pictures from far away, so we won't. We'll leave, to get home to write this very nice article while it's fresh on our minds. Here's your review. Sorry Frankie.V. You, Ritchie, and Rayven are all good, but the Maddhouse obviously don't care for our support. All we ask is to take pictures. Most of the time, promoters can see that we do them a favor by doing this. Most of the time. It's really too bad that one person can fuck things up for an otherwise good group of people. Egos, egos, egos.

Record fax!

Coral reef Rainbow EP" Mindwork

This is not a bad first release for Mindwork. Both tracks are good acid trancers. The first side is the better of the two.. If German trance and acid are your cup of tea you will not be disappointed with this one.

Marshall Jefferson "Age of Mirrors EP" X Records

This is a real smooth house record, the only track that stands out is "The Age of Mirrors". It is very smooth, and half way through slaps you with an unbelievable sax riff, pretty phat for all of the house dj's who like to move a crowd.

"Experiments That Identify Change" various Dragonfly

What an excellent compilation from Dragonfly. They grace us with artists like The Infinity Project, Man with No Name, Moonweed, and Phreaky. All of the songs are very good and any Goa fan out there will definitely enjoy this latest excursion from Dragonfly.

Robert Miles "FABLE" Deconstruction

What can I say except this record is great. If you are a fan of Robert then you will really love this record. Robert once again returns with a beautiful piano line as well as guitar and all of those wonderful sounds. If you thought that Children was good wait until you get your hands on this one. Lets just hope that B-96 will leave this record alone and not exploit it like they did with Children.

Boris Dlugosch "Keep Pushin'" Peppermint jam

This import from Germany is one of the finest house imports in a long time. Two mixes stand-out on this record. The first is the original mix which is raw and gritty and my personal favorite. The other mix worth mentioning is more mellow and places more emphasis on the singer Inaya's. A serious must have.

Pet shop Boys "Before" Atlantic

The Pet Shop Boys are back in full rave effect with one of the best singles I've heard from them yet. Of course that may be because Danny Tenaglia took over producing and remixing responsibilities. This is a double 12-inch set with Danny on one 12" and Love to infinity and Joey Negro sizing it up on the other one. Some may whine that this set is a bit to clubby but if you set your inhibitions aside and take a listen you'll realize what a great set this is.

G.U featuring Terence FM "Don't stop the feeling" Cajual

Cajual has been putting out one phat ass track after another, and this one is no exception. This record is slammin'. With Glenn Underground producing the tracks and with Terence FM on the vocals you know you can't go wrong. Old Chicago disco flavor just pounds away on the "Raw 70's mix". Guaranteed to get the crowd up and moving.

AFCI (acid fuckers) NO.10 IDES

The IDES of Acid Fucker are back on plastic with their newest release. The very sturdy grey vinyl bursts with techno pleasure with every revolution. The song structure seems like it would follow a similar formula that their previous AFCI release would. But that's OK man!

REVIEWS

Thelma Houston Azuli

"Very uplifting vocal house" is the generic term to describe this kind of music so I'll sescibe it the way i would if i was fucked up and heard it once... "Holy shit! that bitch is bad! Fuckin' screaming divas and the fuckin' organ! When he played that shit- i got goosebumps all over my fuckin' arms & legs and i wanted to shoot through the fuckin' ceiling! I gotta get that shit, man!" I think that does it justice.

DJ Sneak & Armand Van Helden Relief

I particualy like the way it says "Sneak & Armand" in the title, as opposed to "Sneak vs. Armand". A lot of duo records that are released as "So and so vs. What's his name" tend to lose something through the competition. But Sneak & Armand are the team for the 90's, muthafucka! The shit slams, man. The tracks tend to sound alike throughout the vinyl, but at the same time are distinctly unique. The jungle satire is most def! All the tracks seem like they would work best as the first or second song in a set. But they're more or less guaranteed to please wherever you might place them.

Paul Johnson "The other side of me" Relief

Mr. Johnson should be diagnosed "musically Schizafrenic". This doubled set could've easily been titled "The many faces of Paul Johnson". This release gives you everything. You got your ghetto tracks, your techno and quirky sounds, all the way to your smooth laid back smoke a joint to shit. Also on this set- "Muthafucka!" Other key tracks are "Record Spin", "A Change is Comin'", and "The Other Side of Me". Of course Relief comes through once again with quality shit you won't mind paying the very fair full price for!

Love Tribe Stand Up(remixes)

Like most good vocal records, there's one track on the whole release that tends to stand out and the rest kind of blow. This is no exception. Although I think the good track is worth owning the entire record, i know there are very of you willing to pay import price for something your hard-ass friends will make fun of you for playing. This record is one of a set of two records of remixes for "Stand UP". Hint no. 1 -stay away from the other record.

Volume six compiled by Frankie Knuckles Ministry of Sound

This is a five record set of some of the most current club and house releases out right now. Some of the tracks featured on here are Lil Louis "Freedom", X Press 2 "The Sound", and St. Germain "Alabama Blues". All are excellent tracks and are cheaper than buying the individual records. This set is limited to 2500 copies so if you see it once, chances are you won't see it again.

Manhattan Project Vol. 1 Club U Nite Records

This is a very good import house release distributed by Peppermint Jam. This 12 inch was written and produced by Mellow Man and every track is catchy but the one that stands out the most is "Nervous Jam". Excellent 1st release this new label.

MIXES

By Brenda & Martin

Jeff Starlight- "Feel"

Another local from the city coming atcha. This tape showcases some discoey house tracks, tightly mixed in a much more "after-hoursy" fashion. Just slow enough to keep ya movin', but fast enough to keep ya awake. Better sound quality would have been nicer, but aint nothin' to stop you from getting this one. Light one up on the way to the afterhours with this one in the deck, and yer straight.

Mark Almaria- "Lunks"

This tape comes from a fine Chicagoan DJ. Some of you might not have heard of him before, but he's been around for quite some time. The tape has it all- good mixes, excellent sound quality, and some of the most up-beat, progressive house going around. It'll make that booty shake. A fine addition to any tape collection.

Mark Farina- "Seasons"

After a crazy night of party going, be sure to stick this one in the deck. It'll mellow you out so nicely. One of Chicago's finest on the wax, you simply cannot go wrong. Really nice selections of some deep ass house. It's all good.

(Available where most mix tapes are sold)



Cajual- "The Many Shades of Cajual" ... Mixed By Derrick Carter

Too many good tracks to name on this one, but with artists like Cajmere/Green Velvet himself, plus Sneak, Terence FM, Boo Williams, Johnny Fiasco, Glenn Underground, a track from Derrick Carter, and spun by Derrick Carter as well...you really can't go wrong. This set is really nice. It's the perfect way to display Cajual as a label. Total respect due on this one. Now...if it's not too much to ask...how about a Relief mix tape...by maybe...Paul Johnson....??? That would be really dope, but for now, this tape does just perfectly. Phat compilation, Cajual!

(Available where most mix tapes are sold.)

Mike Needles- "Mercy"

I've heard Mike Needles spin many diffrent times in the past, at his apartment, parties ,and clubs. I've heard him spin tracky San Fran Breaks, and Acid. But this tape is totally house. On "Mercy," he shows none. After listening to this, all I can think of is Shake, Shake that fucking ass! This is a great tape from an up and coming Chicago DJ. Be sure to look for him in the future.
(Review by Corey Love)

Mike Dearborn-DJ Promo #2 Intensity

Hard acid from someone that definately needs no introduction. Tightly mixed, excellently produced and good as all hell. Tracks like DJ Skulls" X.T.C. Xciter" make it a keeper.

Available at Level and Hot Jams (For booking call (312) 409-0781)

Mike Wade- "Acid Commando"

This tape has been around for a little bit, but we just recently got our hands on it, so it's new to us. Anyhow, it's really good. I mean, it's progressive Acid House, I can't help but dance around and stuff when it's on. There are quite a few of familar acid songs everyone plays, but that's cool though. I mean we all dance to them at parties, why not hear them all at home too? It's mixed really well, with good songs, what else can you really ask for? It doesn't even cut off in the middle of a song! Now you know that's quality right there. Overall, the quality is excellent It's really good.

(Available where most mix tapes are sold, for booking info:(312) 490-5449)

James Christian- "Live: in Austria" (R-Mart)

James Christian...well there isn't one bad thing to say about this tape. It's mixed live and done very well. Good tunes mixed by one of the many pros featuring James own Christian Science track "Come Dancing" If you dig Progressive Acid/ House pick this one up. It's really pretty dope.

Hypnotic 23/Roland Casper- "PLEN-T-PAK EXPERIMENT"

Plenty of acid up in this one. Good sound quality, Not too bad on the Roland Casper side, as far as good acid goes these days.

(Available at Hot Jams, and for booking info:(213)969-9877 or (49) 221439407)



Terry Mullan- "Building Blocks Vol.2" (Intellinet)

Well, Chicago's own, making some very big noise with this one. This is the follow-up to the HousyTerrence Parker Vol. 1, with the Building Blocks collection, done by Intellinet. The idea behind the collection is to have a well known deejay to display tracks done on certain labels to get the average non-dj to become familiar with the actual artists. In Terry's case, with Acid house as his specialty, he used Acacia, Plus 8, Definitive, Dirty house, and Intangible all as the labels. And he certainly made the best of it. Tracks by Ian Pooley, Terrance Parker, Barada, RitchieHawtin, and John Aquaviva blended perfectly by Chicago's Favorite. The quality is excellent, but unfortunately...no famous Mullan scratching. That was pretty disappointing, and no cheesy MC's like with the Terrence Parker version. Oh well. Non-the-less, if you're a Mullan fan, you've probably got this one anyhow, so I don't need to sell you on it.

(Available where most mix tapes are sold.)

Make sum noise...

TAPES

DJ 3D. "The Shit"

This one couldn't have been named more properly. It definitely is the shit. Some songs are heard off of some of the other jungle tapes going around, but a good portion of them are just ones I've heard at parties, but nobody's ever put on cassette. It's so good. There's even a jungle version of Busta Rhymes' "Whoo-ha" up in there. Also on this one is the ever so dope "Fuckin' Dem Up" by Krust. That song is the shit.

Overall the whole tape is dope as hell. If you dig jungle, Hip-Hop style, you'll surely dig this one.

(Available at Hot Jams, or ask 3D himself: (847)604-0579)

Danny the Wildchild- "Wild Style"

Danny's spinning and scratching abilities shine throughout this whole tape. Danny's quality is nothing but the best, so the tape is worth the bucks. Lots of the crazy jungle shit everyone knows and loves. It's all good. Look for yet another newer tape coming out very soon.

(Look for Danny's tapes at Level and Hot Jams)

VINYL

Sophisticated Underground Sounds #001- Swift and Zinc

That side, "Fatters" is really mellow, with a nice groove of drum and bass going on in the back. Nothing crazy on this one, it's nice and intelligent. This side with "12 o'clock drop" is a little faster, but still on the intelligent side. Groovy shit.

Frontline #012- Bonafide Super bad

Both sides of this one are slightly on the crazy jungle tip. Sounds like James Brown going "One... Two... Three... Hit it." It's pretty cool, a little cheeze, but not bad for fun jungle.

Ganja Records #8- DJ Zinc

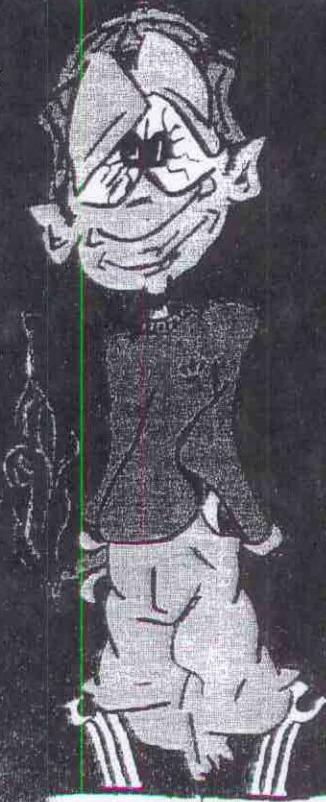
This side, "What Is It?" Real ghetto sounding shit from Zinc. I dig it. Groovy shit in the back. Same with the flipside- "On Fire Tonight." I really like all the shit I've heard on this label. It's the shit.

WANTED



"Birds for Brian"

Phantom 45 and Dr. Groo were supposed to do this section, but uh, maybe next time. I did get a few photos out of them. That's about it. We do welcome any jungle reviews, I'm obviously no the jungle expert here. Help us out. B

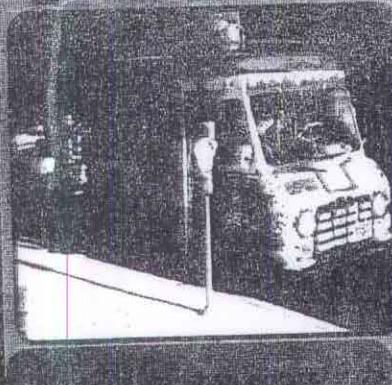


JUNGLE

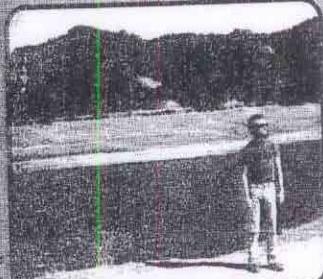
Stoner Update



Coolly seein' green dude!



Clockwise from left:
Dave at the end of the
rainbow. Dave next to
the acid ice cream
van, San Fransico.
Reservoir dog.



Originally, this page was to be replaced partially by Uncle Dan's "Weed the People" column, but who'd of thought the Germans would actually go all the way to San Diego to find him? Well, Dan's history and so is his column and now we have to compile something to fill the space. So I've decided to use Dave H (not my boss) and Buck-Eyed Bob.

DAVE H age: 41 occupation: Al Hazard

Fuck the skank, bust out with the cricket shit man. Dave is well seasoned and knows good bud when he sees it. How many people do you know been smokin' for over thirty years? Don't fuck with a pro. Dave got busted with his brother after the Johnny Winter show in Chicago in the seventies. They was walkin' down the street and the cops nabbed 'em, thought they was trippin'. Dave weezied his way out of shit by gettin' the cops high and promisin' to hook shit up for 'em. Needless to say there's a couple of stupid cops in retirement right now.

Dave is not necessarily a stranger to the party scene, either. He knows what's up with e and shit. He also knows the hardcore shit, too. He's probably done more shit than you'll ever do in your life, and think of how much better shit was back then. When this fucker dies, we're gonna scrape his lungs and get blunted. He's a weed magnet. Once, when he was with a friend paddlin' down Eagle River, he saw this group of naked hippie chicks dauncin' around and shit. They paddled on saw this seven foot tall black guy with dreads walkin' around naked with this two foot long cock, swingin' to and (afro). Around the next bend was the reason for such strange behavior. On both sides of the river grow eight foot stalks of weed as far as the eye could see (refer to far left photo). Without hesitation, they stuffed the canoe until it was almost swamped. They paddled back and smoked the whole boat!

Dave has an interesting life, having been just all over the country, but all over the world. He's smoked out in Germany and Sweden, sampled the best hash in Amsterdam, and popped pills in Poland. In his old age he now only has one reason for doing so much. Despite urging from doctors everywhere he cannot quit. "The drugs are the only thing keeping me alive."

Buck-Eyed Bob nickname: Bunk-Eyed Bob

As Yackov explains, Buck-Eyed Bob hails from the Ohio backwoods. He lives out of his psychedelic Cadillac and deals acid. When Yackov and his friends were young they bought a couple of hits from Bob. They tripped pretty good and bought what they thought was the rest of the sheet. Bob took off because he was "afraid" of a cop working the area. Yackov and his crew took off to seclusion and started on the sheet. They ate hit after hit and after a couple of hours of still feeling like having eaten only one, they finally decided that they had been hornswaggled. Days later, Yackov bumped into Bob again. Being the little hype people his age from areas of nothingness tend to be, he produced large amounts of cash once again to purchase what he was assuming to be legitimate narcotics. "Don't take it out of the baggie yet, it's still wet." Of course Yackov is still a little naive at this point so he takes Bob's word for it and waits a good period of time to let the acid dry, giving Bob plenty of time to get as far from the chump as possible. I guess you could say Yackov is also a feature for the update this issue, just a minor player with a small brain.

Stoner Update Top Five:

1. Shooting meth and cumming in your pants
2. Spending t-shirt money to buy crumby balloons
3. Getting uncomfortable redheads stoned
4. Turning small time mage into drug reports
5. Free mescaline

Send us your top five and we'll do like that thing in the back of high times! Also send free weed to our post-office box so we can all get busted!!!

Everyone talks shit at parties. Ravers, promoters, even the deejays. Now, in order to fit in you must be able to sling the shit as well. There are several actual forms of talking shit. Some forms are easy, some hard, some take practise, and some come naturally. Most shit talking sessions involve two or more people, competing to win a conversation. It may sound crazy, but some people really get off on it. Sometimes, it can be kinda fun, while other times, it may be a waste. But either way, here are some of the most common forms of playing the game. See which one fits you the best, and let the shit talking begin.

The first form is the hardest, but most effective technique. It's hardest because you must really know the subject being discussed, but it's most effective, because it's a chance to make others look like real dumbasses. It's called "busting someone out." This form of shit talking is used to totally correct someone, by backing yourself up with situations, or other helpful data to conclude that the opponent is wrong about something. If you can ever pull this one off, you've "busted someone out." Once they've been busted out, you can rightfully say that they were "talking out their ass," which is the next form of shit talking.

Talking out your ass, is the easiest form of shit talking. You can know bits and pieces of many topics, the trick is to thrive on what you know. Sometimes it may require you to think fast, and it's also helpful to be able to read the opponent, to see if they are doing the same thing you are. It can get tricky, but you can get away with not having a whole lot of knowledge. We know several people who thrive off of this form. Basically, you do have to know something about the topic being discussed. Feel out your audience, do they really know what they're talking about? If it is obvious that they have no clue, jump on the shit talking action, and talk out your ass. But try to make it a little bit believable. Don't finish sentences with "...yeah, that's it!" or "...you know, and um..." those are dead giveaways that you are seriously grasping at the shit talking straws, and then you'll surely be taken down, and someone else may "bust you out!"

Famous, or simply respected people, have their very own form of shit talking. This is because they have some kind of higher state of being status than us normal peo-ones. Basically, they tell us peo-ones whatever they want, and we believe them. This form of shit talking happens the most. This is the easiest once one comes into the being of higher status, but it takes a whole different type of people to get themselves there, but we'll talk about ass kissing some other time.

The last form of shit talking is probably the funnest. No egos are wounded, no bubbles bursted. It's just plain, flat out "shit talking." We at bEAN tend to do this very often. We just say stupid things to each other like, Martin could say the me, "Yo bitch, Ize gotsta gets my groove on. When you gonna suck my dick?" And I'll be like, "Shit bitch, I'll get my gat and put a cap in your ass mutha fucka. Shut the fuck up. I'm the pimp, quit smokin' dem rocks, unless you gonna share fool!" Simple examples like that, are quite effective, and show love and growth within a relationship, or marriage like our very own. It's fun to practice amongst friends as well. The trick to this form of shit talking, is number one, you must be totally cool with the other party(s) involved, otherwise, someone may get seriously injured, by a fist or flowerpot, what have you. Second, it does take some practice to get good. In fact, this form may even become competitive once one is overwhelmed with everything going on. I know if Martin says something just so totally crazy that it is now my duty to think of something even more crazy. It's all in the nature of shit talking. Whoever gets the last, most effective wording in, wins, no matter which form you choose. Leave others speechless, and you're guaranteed to be successful everytime.

HOW TO TALK SHIT

Learn the Latin Lingo

This portion of the zine is dedicated to all the real bEANers out there, the Hispanic folks. Spanish is probably our nations second most common language. Unfortunately, the average Joe doesn't speak much Spanish. So the following can be looked at as a valuable dictionary, so to say, for everyone. We at bEAN feel it a necessity, that all of our readers be informed of some of the most valuable phrases in the Spanish language...the attention getting ones. Now, if some of your fellow Hispanic friends go off into a deep Hispanic discussion, simply blurt out one of the following phrases, and you'll be sure to get thier full attention, right away. Each phrase has been translated, for easier reading, just say it like it sounds. Now we all can at least pretend to be real bEANers.

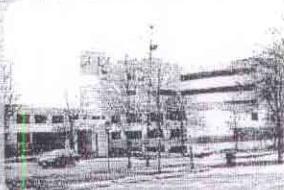
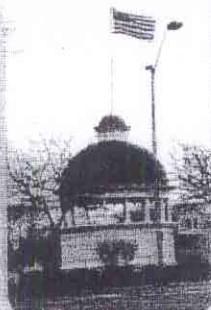
Berga (Bear'-gah): Dick or cock.
Berga peluda (Bear'-ga pay-loo'-dah): Hairy dick.
Chichone (Chich-o'-nah): Big tits.
Chinga to madre (Chin'-gah too'-ma'-dray): Mother fucker.
Chupa mi berga (Chew-pah meh bear'-gah): Suck my dick.
Culero (Coo-lair'-oh): Asshole.
Culo (Coo'-low): Ass.
Me cago los pantalones (May call'-hey lows pant'-ah-low'-eho): I shit my pants.
Me pongo meat en tu cara (May pay'-dough may'-our en too'-oh'-sho): Can I piss on your face?
Motemelo (Met'-ay-may'-low): Stick it in. (Like your dick).
Motete el dedo en el culo (May-tay'-tay-el day'-do en el coo'-low):

Stick your thumb up your ass.
Mirada (Meer-al'-dash): Shit.
Norgona (Nar-go'-nah): Big ass.
Pencoch (Pan-o-chah): Pussy.
Pendejo (Pan-day'-ho): Really fucking stupid.
Puto/Puts (Poo'-to, Poo'-tah): Bitch. (Male with an o, female with an e)
Quiero casar (Key-air'-oh ca-gar'): I want to shit.
Quiero cacheteo mi change (Key-air'-oh ca-shay'-tair me chain'-go): I wanna spank my monkey.
Quiero color (Key-air'-oh co-hair'): I want to fuck.
Quiero excharme un pedo (Key-air'-oh-en-char'-may oon pay'-do): I want to fart.

THE DOME



NUCLEAR
PLANT



THE
HOSPITAL

Let us take you through...

We thought that it would be nice to dedicate a page to our home town of Zion, here in Illinois. Many of you have never heard about Zion, when we tell you where we're from, so here's the low down.

Zion is about forty-five minutes north of the city, in between Waukegan, and Kenosha, which is right across the Wisconsin border. (That's why we're the cheesiest) You could say that we're almost in cheese land, but we're not actually. (See map.)

Zion has very little to do when you are a havoc wreaking youth. For the older folks, who actually care, we have a nuclear power plant that you can visit, right there on the Lake Michigan water front. (This may be a cause of our craziness) Or we have smaller attractions like the new water fountain right in town on Sheridan, (Good for cooling off in the summer) and the classic dome that the town spent way too much money restoring. I guess it belonged to this bad ass hotel back in the day, so it's historic or some bullshit. The Dowie House, the town's founder, is always exciting. This freak who founded Zion, actually formed this town as if it were a "Utopia" on earth. Yeah, I guess it was supposed to be like this holy land between the two hell's of Milwaukee and Chicago, like some hundred years ago. All of the streets like branch out from this church, which is on a circular block, and all the street names are biblical. It's all freaked out. We used to have a cross on our city seal logo, but some satanist said that it was wrong to promote religion like that, so we had to get rid of it.

What's really fucked up, is that Zion is really a joke. There are all of these little ass churches, like made from houses that look like part time crack houses, among all these real churches too though. And you can get arrested for spitting on the ground, I guess. There are all these ghetto spots in town, nobody does shit to fix up their houses. It's a mess. And on the weekend of "Twisted," ironically, we had twister-like winds strike through the town, and now the whole place looks like a ghetto. Luckily, we live on the outskirts of Zion...

Zion's really kind of whack. There are way too many drunks, even though the city itself is a dry town. I guess that makes drinking more challenging. I dunno. A lot of coke heads, plenty of freaks walking up and down our main strip, of Sheridan Road in the summer. I'm sure we'll get some nice photos of them once the weather is nicer. There's the hospital, Midwestern Regional Medical Center, which stands against all of our founder's beliefs. He believed in the power of healing, not medicine. But I'm grateful for that place, it helped me through my bout with cancer. (probably induced by that radioactive powerplant...but that's beside the point...) We had the happening roller rink, Park Roller Rink, where a lot of brotha's and sista's used to hand out on Sunday night's, that is until Magic City opened up in Gurnee. Now it's kind of lame over here. The number one hobby for adolescent fun in Zion: getting into a band. Local H started that craze. (See Dynamic Duo.) Otherwise, you can ride your bike, skate, or cook out (Corey Love prefers beaver meat.) The coolest thing in Zion, of course is bEAN magazine, we had the House of Love but that kinda dissolved for the present time at least. Otherwise, it's alright up here in the boondies. There is a K-mart, and Jewel in town, and plenty of fast food goodies, so we're not totally in farmland or anything. It's okay. It makes going to the city something pleasant, cause there ain't shit to do here.



The tornado like winds uprooted trees, just like this one, all over town.

The Dynamic Duo

Zion's own, Local H, has started this bizarre craze of small bands in Lake County. I guess when you can't go to the city, this is what is fun. We actually did this for awhile, until we were exposed. Most of the bands blow, and break up within months. It's a really depressing "scene" if you will. There's no unity, and plenty of childishness.

However, Local H is the bomb, when it comes to Rock and Roll. These two guys have this click, kinda like Acid Junkies, I guess. Imagine though, only two guys in a band, and they rock!

Scott Lucas is the guitarist-bassist-lead vocalist, who gave up working at the local Subway joint to join Rock Star status. Joe Daniels is the hard pounding drummer, also on back ups. I'm not sure if he had to give up anything. He had been known to spin though, and I guess he's like this awesome gymnast too. Their roadie, who is actually Martin's cousin, Gabe Rodriguez, plays the gazoo, and sings occasionally too. And damn, altogether, they are so good.

They were brought on to Island Records just last year, and have been on Mankow's Morning Madhouse several times recently, and on other stations in Chicago as well. (Including the unfortunate, Queer-101) Their first album, "Ham Fisted" was the shit, until their recent release of, "As Good as Dead." It kicks ass! They crack on a lot of shit in the "Alternative Mainstream." Which is really refreshing. And the fact that two guys can rock that hard, is just really amazing. I really recommend, that if you are into other music, like harder, more progressive rock, (never use alternative when referring to Local H!) that you should check them out if they play out anywhere near you. Watching them is one thing, but listening to them is what Rock and Roll is all about. They are the shit. And their from Zion! Who-hoo!

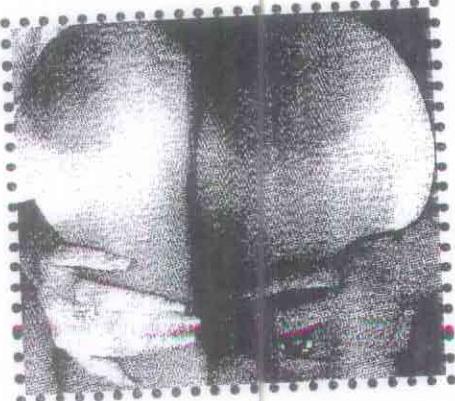


JOHNNY OUTTA

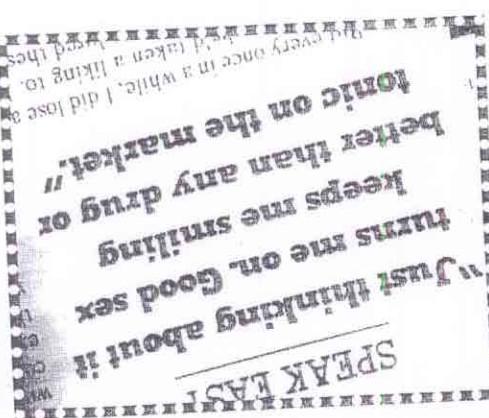
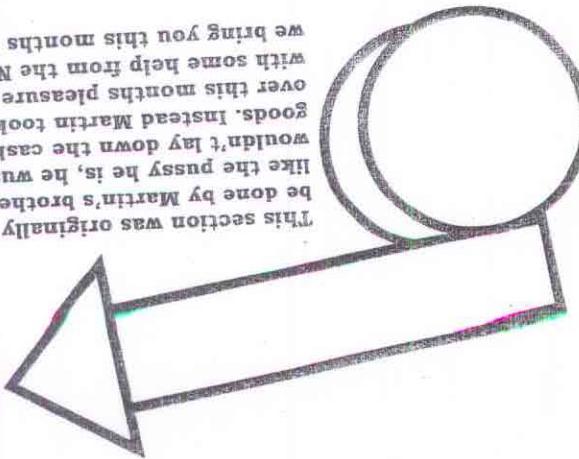


The next item we wasted money on was called "Ms. Smooth". This is your basic everyday vibrator with no texture. It does have a multi-speeds and is gold plated. If you looking for something to keep ya cumming all night this ain't it. Your better off getting a more realistic pleasurable than it's tall that stimulates the pion", with it's clitoris aggressor adventurous toys like the "Score-on it or get one of the more

adventurous than before. And as far as the people who like to masturbate with a normal 3 feet, but aim was much more accurate than the "under scrotum" strap applies more pressure for stronger ejaculations but mine didn't shoot any farther than the normal 30 seconds before blowing your load all over her (or his) appendage of your choice. On the package they claim that the "under scrotum" strap probably give you real bad calluses. All in all a great buy with a rubber on, this ain't the one as the bumps will probably give you real bad calluses. All in all a great buy



This section was originally supposed to be done by Martin's brother John, but like the pussy he is, he wasted out and would lay down the cash for the goods. Instead Martin took control with some help from the No. 1 BEAN, over this months pleasure gives and we bring you this months installation.



and a cheap thrill for only 10 bucks.

The Kung Fu Komix

Written by Juba, Layout by Brenda

Prequels and Sequels

If it works out once, why not try it again? Hong Kong producers are not exempt from the sequel curse. It doesn't have to be a true sequel, as long as there is a 2 in the title somewhere, it's a sequel. After a review of some well known flicks, we'll see if lightning strikes twice in the same movie.

Tai Chi Master:

Director- Yuen Woo Ping
Coreography- Yuen Woo Ping

Tai Chi II:

Director- Yuen Woo Ping
Coreography- Yuen Woo Ping

The title alone forced me to see the original. It's one of those films that doesn't cling to your memory, but you'll swear it's the greatest film at the time of viewing it. There's no real complexity to this fictional telling of the creator of the Tai Chi martial arts. Wire work dominates this film rather than straight fighting. As a first timer in the Kung Fu genre, one can be easily impressed, but it's easy for this film to come off like everything else.

Tai Chi II is a prime example of a sequel, with no true connection to its predecessor. The plot is a bit on the light and mindless side, but the coreography far outweighs the original. There is string work, but no nonsense, but no nonsense hand to hand combat is more evident. At this point I can't tell you where to see these films; I can't even recommend which is worth your money. I can say this though, these films are for those of you who left your sense of reason at the door.

The No Bullshit Contest:

Answer one question, and you can win 3rd to 5th generation copies of Drunken Master 1&2, as well as Dance of the Praying Mantis. The first reader to mail, fax, or E-mail the correct answer the bEAN megazine will win copies of this film extravaganza. If I'm feeling good about myself, I'll throw in a few surprises.

The Question:

I'm thinking of an old movie, (early 80's) but it's not Kung Fu. To be generous, here are two clues. This movie was made by the same guy who made Street Fight, and the movie is about music. Guess this film, and you're one step closer to the pot of gold.

Martial arts movies are proof that a whole lot of kicking can turn something really bad into something pretty good.



The Drunken Master Series

Drunken Master:

Director- Yuen Woo Ping
Coreography- Yuen Woo Ping

Dance of the Drunken Master:

Director- Yuen Woo Ping
Coreography- Yuen Woo Ping

Drunken Master II:

Director- Lui Chia Liang
Coreography- ???

It's difficult to condense all I have to say about these films. As far as I'm concerned, I can speak about each one for does. (*And he has-B*) Combine these films and this comes off as one of the greatest Kung Fu series ever. To compare, one will discover the best, no string work, coreography in film making history. The real star is not Jackie Chan or Simon Yuen, but Drunken Style Kung Fu. When I have to put a fight scene in slow motion, I know there's something more complex than the basic punch, block, kick.

What exists here are Kung Fu films strictly for the fans. Movies of this nature will never cross any boundaries, and are probably destined on some art fags list of top ten movies. There's a reason why Drunken Master II is no longer scheduled for a 1996 U.S. release. If you keep reading I'll let you in on a way you can win copies of the Drunken Master series, from my own personal library, no bullshit.

"Let the shit talkin' begin..."

By Juba

I can talk about how fun skateboarding is, but after skating for so long, speaking about the fun of it becomes mediocre at best. If one hasn't noticed, skaters are whiney complainers. (Present company included.) The running trend is unity. Actually, it's like, "Don't vibe me," or "No more East-West rivalry." However, unity is a pipe dream. Skaters emerge from various backgrounds, and hang with all kinds of cliques. To consolidate, we have to accept the next man more than on the fact that he is a skater. We have to be receptive to his likes and dislikes, habits, and all the various personality traits that make us individuals. Basically, we have to "love" people for who they are, and skateboarding does not come close to defining who we are as people. We are not, and will never be mature enough to handle the responsibility involved to reach unity. Thus, when the "love" and unity ends...shit talkin' begins.

It's much easier to diss than to appraise. We have to reach deep within ourselves to be forgiving and accepting. But since shit talkng is much simpler, I have some of my own to do. I know I'm appealing to the lowest common denominator, but this zine is not known for it's high moral standards. Therefore...FUCK Andy Powers, and FUCK Jason Sturtevant, and FUCK Don Corleone of the Dimitropoulos Empire! (Notice some of the similarities between the skateboarding scene with the party scene...we are not alone!-B)



...White Trash Forever!

"The Quick-Wit Chronicles"

By Corey Love

What I'd like to tell everybody, is a true story about what happened to a friend of mine, who shall remain nameless. Well...except for the nickname of "Quick-Wit."

At ATP and Majesty's "Twisted" back on April 20th, "Quick-Wit" took a pill of Exstacy. It wasn't like she hadn't done that before. In fact, she'd done it plenty of times before, no problem. I guess the only thing different this time, was that she didn't drink any water...This was because the bottles of water being sold at the party were two bucks. She said she was unable to refill the bottle she did have in the bathroom, because either the faucets didn't work, or the ones that did work were all clogged with shit. We asked her to go fill it up in the men's room, she just raised her arms up like, "I dunno."

Well...I remember I was standing by the back wall, when another friend of mine rushed over to me and said that "Quick-Wit" had passed out on the floor, and was convulsing! When I arrived over to her, she was still doing just that. I tried to wake her up, but that wasn't doing anything. So I ran to the front door, and brought security to her. They brought her up by the front door to give her some fresh air. There they forced her to drink some water.

Once she came to, and wasn't all dazed, she said that she was alright. But she still has no memory of what happened. I'll tell you what happened...she was dehydrated!

In closing, I would like to ask everyone a serious favor...PLEASE, If you do decide to drugs, please do them responsibly. Take a break occasionally when dancing, and drink lots of water because you can dehydrate. I don't wanna see anyone go through that again, whether it be another one of my friends, or a complete stranger for that matter. That's it I guess. Thanks for taking time to read this, and I hope you all seriously take it to heart...

Be a bEANER!

Colors:

White

Black, Red

Brown

(with black
screen)

Black

Forest Green

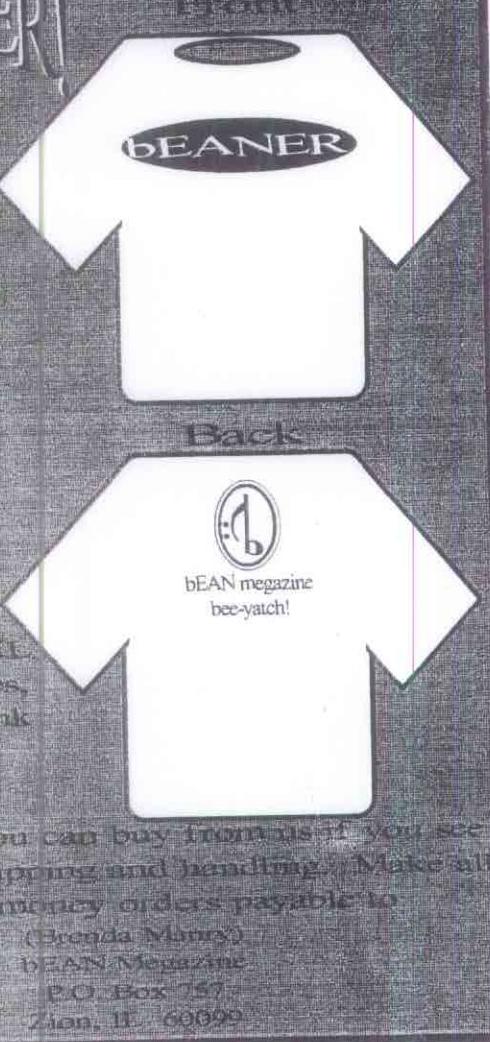
Denim Blue

(with silver
screen)

All shirts are XL,
made by Hanes,
100% preshrunk
cotton.

\$10 a shirt, you can buy from us if you see
us \$12 for Shipping and handling. Make all
checks/money orders payable to

(Brenda Many)
bEAN Magazine
P.O. Box 757
Zion, IL 60099



We need Ads too!

This really shouldn't surprise any of you, but we'll share this with you anyhow...we need ads! In order to keep this zine free, we need to get funding somehow. Chicago itself is a very big place, and I find it really hard to believe that we don't have very many ads! Maybe we've been looking in the wrong places? Well, if we have, here's a chance for anyone who reads this thing to get in on the ad action. Our prices are very reasonable, and we only want to get the funding for the zine. We are a non-profit deal here. We just wanna do this thing without interfering with our own finances. So get involved. Our prices are:

1/4 Page-\$25

1/2 page-\$50

Whole page-\$100

Rear Cover-\$150

Centerfold-\$250 (Both pages)

We tell everyone the same thing, nobody is special. We'd also like to say that even though we do 100% newsprint right now, that we would like to improve our quality, at least to the cover and centerfold section. And we'd also like to boost our circulation as well. But first, we need ads. Promoters, store owners, record companies, coffee shops, anyone!!! If you dig what we do, get involved, and help us grow. We won't let you down. Fax Brenda or Martin at (847) 731-1508. Or E-mail us at megabean1@aol.com. We'll be waiting to hear from you.

Subscribe!

Alright, here we are. We may not be the most consistent in Chicago, but we are the best. And we have a perfect way for you to be sure that you never miss an issue of bEAN...you can now have it mailed right to your door, and become an official part of the bEAN Athletic Supporter Squad. Of course, we'd love to give this offer away for free, but we're trailer trash as it is, and we really just can't afford it. So here's the deal: The next six issues of our glorious little zine, sent to your door for a measly ten bucks. This will include any goodies we have out as well, like matches, stickers, laminates, any bEAN supplement issues we may do if the time period between main issues becomes too large, and your name will appear in the official Athletic Support Section of our zine. Now that's a pretty good deal. Who else can offer such a deal? We feel this is best way to gain the support of the true bEAN supporters. We know you're out there. And we're here for ya, to keep shit real, and crazy. So show your support, become an Athletic Supporter. And you might as well get a shirt too while you're at it...okay that may be asking for too much. But the shirts are very reasonably priced. Hey, we're not out for money, we're out for support. Strength comes in numbers. Let's make Chicago the land of the Almighty BEAN, and show this city how unity can exist. Twisted people unite! Touch down with us now, we'll show you the way to total insanity.

Send full name, mailing, or E-mail address, comments, check or money order to:

bEAN Magazine

P.O. Box 757

Zion, IL 60099

(Please write all checks/money orders to Brenda Many. We still haven't incorporated yet, it costs too much.)

We always welcome any comments, good and bad, so please, check in with us either way. Any Ga-news is good Ga-news, at least to us. Look for our very first party, coming very soon, for very cheap, hopefully.